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NEW SELECTIONS
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PROSE AND POETRY

BOOK II

With Notes and Exercises

SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR USE IN THE
UPPER FORMS OF SECONDARY SCHOOLS

E. M. GOPALKRISHNA KONE
BROADWAY MADRAS
GOPALMAHAL MADURA

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PROSE

I

CYMBELINE

When Augustus Cæsar was Emperor of Rome, there reigned in England (which was then called Britain) a King, whose name was Cymbeline.

Cymbeline's first wife died, when his three children were very young. Imogen, the eldest of these, a daughter, was brought up in her father's court. But, by a strange chance, the two sons were stolen out of their nursery, when one was but three years of age, and the other, quite an infant. Cymbeline could never discover what had become of them, or by whom they had been carried away.

Cymbeline married twice: his second wife was a wicked, plotting woman, and a cruel stepmother to Imogen.

The queen, though she hated Imogen, yet wished her to marry a son of her own by a former husband (she also having been twice married). By this means she hoped, on the death of Cymbeline, to secure the crown of Britain for her son, Cloten; for she knew that, if the king's sons were not found, Imogen must be the king's heir.

But this design was prevented by Imogen herself who married without the consent or even knowledge of her father or the queen.

Posthumus (for that was the name of Imogen's husband) was the best scholar and most accomplished gentleman of that age. His father died fighting in the wars for Cymbeline; and soon after his birth his mother died also for grief at the loss of her husband.

Cymbeline, pitying the helpless state of this orphan, took Posthumus (Cymbeline having given him that name, because he was born after his father's death), and educated him in his own court.

Imogen and Posthumus were both taught by the same masters, and were playfellows from their infancy; they loved each other tenderly, when they were children; and their affection continued to increase with their years. So at last, when they grew up, they became privately married.

The disappointed queen soon learnt this secret, for she kept spies constantly in watch upon the actions of her daughter-in-law; and she immediately told the king of the marriage of Imogen with Posthumus.

Nothing could exceed the wrath of Cymbeline, when he heard that his daughter had been so forgetful of her high dignity as to marry a subject. He commanded Posthumus to leave Britain, and banished him from the country for ever.

The queen, who pretended to pity Imogen for the grief she suffered at losing her husband, offered to procure them a private meeting before Posthumus set out on his journey to Rome, chosen by him for his residence in his banishment. This seeming kindness she showed, the better to succeed in her future designs

in regard to her son Cloten ; and she hoped to persuade Imogen, when her husband was gone, that her marriage was not lawful, having been contracted without the consent of the king.

Imogen and Posthumus took a most affectionate leave of each other. Imogen gave her husband a diamond ring, which had been her mother's, and Posthumus promised never to part with it ; and he fastened a bracelet on the arm of his wife, which he begged she would preserve with great care, as a token of his love. They then bade each other farewell, with many vows of everlasting love and fidelity.

Imogen remained a solitary and dejected lady in her father's court, and Posthumus arrived at Rome, the place he had chosen for his banishment.

Posthumus fell into company at Rome with some gay young men of different nations, who were talking freely of ladies : each one praising the ladies of his own country, and his own mistress. Posthumus, who had ever his own dear lady in his mind, affirmed that his wife, the fair Imogen, was the most virtuous, wise, and constant lady in the world.

One of those men, whose name was Iachimo, grew offended that a lady of Britain should be praised above the Roman ladies, his country-women. So he provoked Posthumus by seeming to doubt the constancy of his highly-praised wife. Then, after much altercation, Posthumus consented to a proposal of Iachimo's, that he (Iachimo) should go to Britain, and endeavour to gain the love of the married Imogen. But they laid a wager, that if Iachimo did not succeed in this wicked design, he was to pay a large sum of money to Posthumus ; but if he could win Imogen's favour, and prevail upon her to

give him the bracelet which Posthumus had so earnestly desired that she would keep as a token of his love, then the wager was to terminate with Posthumus giving to Iachimo the ring, which was Imogen's love-present. Posthumus had such firm faith in the fidelity of Imogen, that he thought he ran no hazard in this trial of her honour.

Iachimo, on his arrival in Britain, gained admittance, and a courteous welcome from Imogen, as a friend of her husband; but when he began to make professions of love to her, she repulsed him with disdain, and he soon found that he could have no hope of succeeding in his dishonourable design.

The men bribed some of Imogen's attendants, and stole her bracelet while she was asleep. The next day he set off for Rome with great expedition, and coming to Posthumus he took out the bracelet, and said, 'Know you this jewel, sir? She gave me this. She took it from her arm and gave it me, and said, *she prized it once.*'

Posthumus broke out into the most passionate abuses against Imogen. He delivered up the diamond ring to Iachimo, which he had agreed to forfeit to him, if he obtained the bracelet from Imogen.

Posthumus then in a jealous rage wrote to Pisanio, a gentleman of Britain, who was one of Imogen's attendants, and had long been a faithful friend to Posthumus; and after telling him what proof he had of his wife's disloyalty, he desired Pisanio would take Imogen to Milford-Haven, a seaport of Wales, and there kill her. At the same time he wrote a deceitful letter to Imogen, desiring her to go with Pisanio, to Milford-Haven, and said:

'I can live no longer without seeing you. Pray, meet me at Milford-Haven, for you know that I am

forbidden upon pain of death to return to Britain.' She, good unsuspecting lady, who loved her husband above all things, and desired more than her life to see him, hastened her departure with Pisanio, and, the same night she received the letter, she set out.

When their journey was nearly at an end, Pisanio, who, though faithful to Posthumus, was not faithful to serve him in an evil deed, disclosed to Imogen the cruel order he had received, and she was afflicted beyond measure.

Pisanio persuaded her to take comfort, and wait with patience for the time when Posthumus should see and repent his injustice: in the meantime, as she refused in her distress to return to her father's court, he advised her to dress herself in boy's clothes for more security in travelling. She agreed to this advice, and thought in that disguise she would go over to Rome, and see her husband, whom, though he had used her so barbarously, she could not forget to love.

When Pisanio had provided her with new apparel, he left her to her fate, being obliged to return to court; but before he departed he gave her a phial of cordial. This, he said, the queen had given him as a sovereign remedy in all disorders.

The queen, who hated Pisanio because he was a friend to Imogen and Posthumus, gave him this phial, supposing it to contain poison. She had some little time ago ordered her physician to give her some poison, to try its effects upon animals; the physician, however, knowing her malicious disposition, would not trust her with real poison, but gave her a drug which would do no other mischief than causing a person to sleep with every appearance of death for a few hours. This

mixture, which Pisanio thought to be a choice cordial, he gave to Imogen and desired her, if she found herself ill upon the road, to take it; and so, with blessings and prayers for her safety and happy deliverance from her undeserved troubles, he left her.

Providence strangely directed Imogen's steps to the dwelling of her two brothers, who had been carried away in their infancy. Bellarius, who stole them away, was a lord in the court of Cymbeline; and having been falsely accused to the king of treason, and banished from the court, he stole away in revenge the two sons of Cymbeline, and brought them up in a forest, where he lived concealed in a cave. He stole them, it is true, through revenge, but he soon loved them as tenderly as if they had been his own children. He educated them carefully, and they grew up fine youths, their princely spirits leading them to bold and daring actions. And, as they subsisted by hunting, they were active and hardy, and were always pressing their supposed father to let them seek their fortune in the wars.

At the cave where these youths dwelt, it was Imogen's fortune to arrive. She had lost her way in a large forest, through which her road lay to Milford-Haven (from which she meant to embark for Rome); and being unable to find any place where she could purchase food, she was with weariness and hunger almost dying; for it is not merely putting on a man's apparel that will enable a young lady, tenderly brought up, to bear the fatigue of wandering about lonely forests like a man. Seeing this cave, she entered it, hoping to find some one within, from whom she could procure food. She found the cave empty; but looking about, she discovered some cold meat; and her hunger was so press-

ing, that she could not wait for an invitation, but sat down and began to eat. ‘Ah!’ said she, talking to herself, ‘I see a man’s life is a weary one; how tired am I! for two nights together I have made the ground my bed: my resolution helps me, or I should be sick. When Pisanio showed me Milford-Haven from the mountain top, how near it seemed!’ Then the thoughts of her husband and his cruel command came across her, and she said, ‘My dear Posthumus, thou art a false one!’

The two brothers of Imogen, who had been hunting with their reputed father, Bellarius, were by this time returned home. Bellarius had given them the names of Polydore and Cadwal, and they knew no better, but supposed that Bellarius was their father; but the real names of these princes were Guiderius and Arviragus.

Bellarus entered the cave first, and seeing Imogen, stopped them, saying, ‘Come not in yet; it eats our victuals, or I should think it was a fairy.’

‘What is the matter, sir?’ said the young men. ‘By Jupiter,’ said Bellarius again, ‘there is an angel in the cave, or if not, an earthly paragon.’ So beautiful did Imogen look in her boy’s apparel.

Hearing the sound of voices, she came forth from the cave, and addressed them in these words: ‘Good masters, do not harm me; before I entered your cave, I had thought to have begged or bought what I have eaten. Indeed I have stolen nothing, nor would I, though I had found gold strewed on the floor. Here is money for my meat, which I would have left on the board when I had made my meal, and parted with prayers for the provider.’ They refused her money with great earnestness. ‘I see you are angry with me,’

said the timid Imogen ; ‘ but, sirs, if you kill me for my fault, know that I should have died of starvation, if I had not eaten your meat.’

‘ Whither are you bound ? ’ asked Bellarius, and what is your name ? ’

‘ Fidele is my name,’ answered Imogen. ‘ I have a kinsman, who is bound for Italy ; he embarked at Milford-Haven ; almost spent with hunger, I have committed this offence.’

‘ Prithee, fair youth,’ said old Bellarius, ‘ do not think us churls, nor measure our good minds by this rude place we live in. You are welcome ; it is almost night. You shall have better cheer before you depart, and we’ll thank you to stay and eat it. Boys, bid him welcome.’

The gentle youths, her brothers, then welcomed Imogen to their cave with many kind expressions, saying they would love her (or, as they said, *him*) as a brother ; and they entered the cave, where Imogen delighted them with her neat housewifery, assisting them in preparing their supper. ‘ And then,’ said Polydore to his brother, ‘ how angel-like he sings ! ’

They also remarked to each other, that though Fidele smiled so sweetly, yet so sad a melancholy did overcloud his lovely face, as if grief and patience had together taken possession of him.

For these her gentle qualities, Imogen (or, as the boys called her, *Fidele*) became the doting-piece of her brothers ; and she scarcely less loved them, thinking that she could live and die in the cave with these wild forest youths : so she gladly consented to stay with them, till she was enough rested from the fatigue of travelling to pursue her way to Milford-Haven.

When the venison they had taken was all eaten and they were going out to hunt for more, Fidele could not accompany them because she was unwell.

They then bade her farewell, and went to their hunt, praising all the way the noble parts and graceful demeanour of the youth Fidele.

Imogen was no sooner left alone than she recollect-ed the cordial which Pisanio had given her, and drank it off, and presently fell into a sound and death-like sleep.

When Bellarius and her brothers returned from hunting, Polydore went first into the cave, and supposing her asleep, pulled off his heavy shoes, that he might tread softly and not awake her; but he soon discovered that she could not be awakened by any noise, and con-cluded her to be dead, and he wept for her death with dear and brotherly regret, as if they had never from their infancy been parted.

Bellarus proposed to carry her out into the forest, and there celebrate her funeral with songs and solemn dirges, as was then the custom.

Imogen's two brothers then carried her to a shady covert, and there laying her gently on the grass, they sang repose to her departed spirit, and covering her over with leaves and flowers, Polydore said, ‘While summer lasts and I live here, Fidele, I will daily strew thy grave with flowers. The pale primrose, that flowers most like thy face; the blue-bell, like thy clear veins; and the leaf of eglantine, which is not sweeter than was thy breath; all these will I strew over thee. Yea, and the furred moss in winte., when there are no flowers to cover thy sweet corse.’

When they had finished her funeral obsequies, they departed with great sorrow.

Imogen had not been long left alone, when the effect of the sleepy drug going off, she awoke ; and easily shaking off the slight covering of leaves and flowers they had thrown over her, she arose and, imagining she had been dreaming, she said, 'I thought I was a cave-keeper, and cook to honest creatures; how came I here covered with flowers?' Not being able to find her way back to the cave, and seeing nothing of her new companions, she concluded it was certainly all a dream; and once more Imogen set out on her weary pilgrimage, hoping at last she should find her way to Milford-Haven, and thence get a passage in some ship bound for Italy; for all her thoughts were still with her husband Posthumus, whom she intended to see in the disguise of a page.

But great events were happening at this time, of which Imogen knew nothing; for a war had suddenly broken out between the Roman Emperor Augustus Cæsar and Cymbeline, the king of Britain; and a Roman army had landed to invade Britain, and had advanced into the very forest through which Imogen was journeying. With this army came also Posthumus.

Though Posthumus came over to Britain with the Roman army, he did not mean to fight on their side against his own countrymen, but intended to join the army of Britain, and fight in the cause of his king who had banished him.

He still believed Imogen false to him; yet the death of her he had so fondly loved, and by his own orders too (Pisanio having written him a letter to say he had obeyed his command, and that Imogen was dead), sat heavily on his heart, and he therefore returned to Britain, desiring either to be slain in battle, or to be put to

death by Cymbeline for returning home from banishment.

Imogen, before she reached Milford-Haven, fell into the hands of the Roman army; and her presence and deportment recommending her, she was made a page to Lucius, the Roman general.

Cymbeline's army now advanced to meet the enemy, and when they entered this forest, Polydore and Cadwal joined the king's army. The young men were eager to engage in acts of valour, though they little thought they were going to fight for their own royal father: and old Bellarius went with them to the battle. He had long since repented of the injury he had done to Cymbeline in carrying away his sons; and having been a warrior in his youth, he gladly joined the army to fight for the king he had so injured.

And now a great battle commenced between the two armies, and the Britons would have been defeated and Cymbeline himself killed, but for the extraordinary valour of Posthumus and Bellarius and the two sons of Cymbeline. They rescued the king, and saved his life, and so entirely turned the fortune of the day, that the Britons gained the victory.

When the battle was over, Posthumus, who had not found the death he sought for, surrendered himself up to one of the officers of Cymbeline, willing to suffer the death which was to be his punishment if he returned from banishment.

Imogen and the master she served were taken prisoners, and brought before Cymbeline, as was also her old enemy Iachimo, who was an officer in the Roman army; and when these prisoners were before the king, Posthumus was brought in to receive his

sentence of death; and at this strange juncture, Bellarius was also brought with Polydore and Cadwal before Cymbeline, to receive the rewards due to the great services they had by their valour done for the king. Pisanio, being one of the king's attendants, was likewise present.

So then, there were now standing in the king's presence (but with very different hopes and fears) Posthumus and Imogen, with her new master the Roman general; the faithful servant Pisanio, and the false friend Iachimo; and likewise the two lost sons of Cybeline, with Bellarius, who had stolen them away.

Imogen saw Posthumus, and knew him, though he was in the disguise of a peasant; but he did not know her in her male attire: and she knew Iachimo, and she saw a ring on his finger which she perceived to be her own, but she did not know him as yet to have been the author of all her troubles: and she stood before her own father a prisoner of war.

Pisanio knew Imogen, for it was he who had dressed her in the clothes of a boy. 'It is my mistress,' thought he; 'since she is living, let the time run on to good or bad.' Bellarius knew her too, and softly said to Cadwal, 'Is not this boy revived from death?' 'One sand,' replied Cadwal, 'does not more resemble another than this sweet, rosy lad is like the dead Fidele.'—'The same dead thing alive,' said Polydore. 'Peace, peace,' said Bellarius; if it were he, I am sure he would have spoken to us.—'But we saw him dead,' again whispered Polydore. 'Be silent,' replied Bellarius.

Posthumus waited in silence to hear the welcome sentence of his own death; and he resolved not to disclose to the king that he had saved his life in the

battle, lest that should move Cymbeline to pardon him.

Lucius, the Roman general, who had taken Imogen under his protection as his page, was the first who spoke to the king. He was a man of high courage and noble dignity, and this was his speech to the king:—

'I hear you take no ransom for your prisoners, but doom them all to death: I am a Roman, and with a Roman heart will suffer death. But there is one thing which I would beg.' Then bringing Imogen before the king, he said, 'This boy is a Briton born. Let him be ransomed. He is my page. Never master had a page so kind, so dutious, so diligent on all occasions, so true, so nurse-like. He hath done Briton no wrong, though he hath served a Roman. Save him, if you spare no one beside.'

Cymbeline looked earnestly on his daughter Imogen. He knew her not in that disguise; but it seemed that all-powerful Nature spoke in his heart, for he said, 'I have surely seen him, his face appears familiar to me. I know not why or wherefore. I say, live, boy; I give you your life. Ask of me what boon you will, and I will grant it to you. Yea, even though it be the life of the noblest prisoner I have.'

'I humbly thank your highness,' said Imogen.

They were all attentive to hear what thing the page would ask for; and Lucius her master said to her, 'I do not beg my life, good lad, but I know that is what you will ask for.'—'No, no, alas!' said Imogen, 'I have other work in hand, good master; your life I cannot ask for.'

This seeming want of gratitude in the boy astonished the Roman general.

Imogen then fixing her eye on Iachimo, demanded no other boon than this: namely, that Iachimo should be made to confess how he got the ring he wore on his finger.

Cymbeline granted her this boon, and threatened Iachimo with torture, if he did not confess how he came by the diamond ring on his finger.

Iachimo then made a full acknowledgment of all his villainy, telling the whole story of his wager with Posthumus and how he had succeeded in imposing upon his credulity.

What Posthumus felt at hearing this proof of the innocence of his lady cannot be expressed in words. He instantly came forward, and confessed to Cymbeline the cruel sentence which he had enjoined Pisanio to execute upon the princess; exclaiming wildly, ‘O Imogen, my queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen, Imogen, Imogen!’

Imogen could not see her beloved husband in this distress without discovering herself. This gave unutterable joy to Posthumus, who was thus relieved from a weight of guilt and woe, and restored to the good graces of the dear lady he had so cruelly treated.

Cymbeline was almost as much overwhelmed with joy, at finding his lost daughter so strangely recovered. He received her to her former place in his fatherly affection, and not only gave her husband Posthumus his life, but consented to acknowledge him as his son-in-law.

Bellarus chose this time of joy and reconciliation to make his own confession. He presented Polydore and Cadwal to the king, telling him that they were his two lost sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. Cymbeline

forgave old Bellarius; for who could think of punishments at a season of such universal happiness?

To find his daughter living, and his lost sons in the persons of his young deliverers, whom he had seen so bravely fight in his defence, was unlooked for joy indeed!

Imogen was now at leisure to perform good services for her late master, the Roman general Lucius, whose life the king her father readily granted at her request. And, by the mediation of the same Lucius, a peace was concluded between the Romans and the Britons, which was kept inviolate for many years.

Cymbeline's wicked queen, touched with remorse of conscience, sickened and died, having first lived to see her foolish son Cloten slain in a quarrel which he had provoked. All were made happy who were deserving; and even the treacherous Iachimo, in consideration of his villainy having missed its final aim, was dismissed without punishment.

Adapted from LAMB'S TALES

II

PRATAP SINGH, A GREAT RAJPUT PRINCE

(The Bruce of Rajasthan)

[Rajasthan, the land of the Rajputs, lies between the Punjab and the Presidency of Bombay. It is composed of many States which have had a noble and romantic history of their own, scarcely less interesting

than that of any other country in the world. They flourished, showed a high civilisation, and had a superior military organisation, when Europe was yet in a primitive condition.

The chief of these states was Mewar with its capital, Chittur. Moslems and Tartars had often invaded it and carried away plenty of spoil. It was captured by Akbar, the great Moghal Emperor; and its sovereign, Udai Singh, was put to flight. On the death of Udai Singh, his son Pratap succeeded him and made many noble and heroic efforts to free his country from the overlordship of the Moghal].

Pratap succeeded to the title and renown of an illustrious house, but without resources, his kindred and clans having become dispirited by reverses. Yet, possessed of the noble spirit of his race, he meditated the recovery of Chittur, the vindication of the honour of his house, and the restoration of its power. Elevated with this design, he hurried into conflict with his powerful antagonist, nor stopped to calculate the means which were opposed to him. Accustomed to read in his country's annals the splendid deeds of his forefathers, proud that Chittur had more than once been the prison of their foes, he trusted that the revolutions of fortune might help his own efforts to overturn the throne of Delhi. The reasoning was as just as it was noble; but whilst he gave a loose to those lofty aspirations which meditated liberty to Mewar, his crafty opponent was counteracting his plans by a scheme of policy which, when disclosed, filled his heart with anguish.

The wily Moghal arrayed against Pratap his kindred in faith as well as blood. The princes of many of the neighbouring Rajput States took part with Akbar and

upheld his despotism. Even Pratap's own brother deserted him, and received, as the price of his treachery, the ancient capital of his race, and the title which that possession conferred.

But the magnitude of the peril did but strengthen the courage of Pratap. Single-handed, for a quarter of a century, he withstood the combined efforts of the Moghal Empire; at one time he carried destruction into the plains; at another, he flew from rock to rock, feeding his family from the fruits of his native hills, and rearing his infant son, the nursling hero Umra, amidst savage beasts and scarcely less savage men, a fit heir to his prowess and revenge. The brilliant feats he performed during that period live in every valley; they are enshrined in the heart of every true Rajput, and many are recorded even in the annals of the conquerors. Pratap was nobly supported; and though wealth and fortune tempted the fidelity of his chiefs, not one was found base enough to abandon him.

To ever remember the desolation of Chittur, Pratap denied to himself and his successors every article of luxury or pomp, until the insignia of her glory should be redeemed. The gold and silver dishes were laid aside; their beds henceforth being of straw, and their beards left untouched. But in order more distinctly to mark their fallen fortune and stimulate them to its recovery, he commanded that the martial *nakaras* which always sounded in the van of battle or processions, should follow in the rear. This last sign of the depression of Mewar still survives; the beard is yet untouched by the shears; and even in the evasion by which the patriot king's command is set aside, we have a tribute to his memory: for though his descendant eats off gold and

silver plates, and sleeps upon a soft bed, he places the leaves beneath the one, and straw under the other.

With the aid of some chiefs of judgment and experience, Pratap remodelled his government, adapting it to the exigencies of the times and to his slender resources. New grants were issued, with rules defining the service required. Komulmir, now the seat of government, was strengthened, as well as several mountain fortresses ; and being unable to keep the field in the plains of Mewar, he followed the system of his ancestors, and commanded his subjects, on pain of death, to retire into the mountains.

Many tales are related of the unrelenting severity with which Pratap enforced obedience to this stern policy. Frequently with a few horse he issued forth to see that his commands were obeyed. The silence of the desert prevailed in the plains ; grass had usurped the place of the waving corn ; the highways were chocked with the thorny gum arabic tree ; and beasts of prey made their abode in the homes of his subjects. In the midst of this ruin, a single goatherd, trusting to elude observation, disobeyed his prince's injunction, and pastured his flock in the luxuriant meadows on the banks of the Bunas. Pratap heard of this, killed the offender, and hung up his dead body as a warning. He thus rendered "the garden of Rajasthan" of no value to the conqueror.

Akbar himself took the field against the Rajput prince, establishing his headquarters at Ajmir. This celebrated fortress, destined ultimately to be one of the twenty-two provinces of his empire, and an imperial residence, had admitted for some time a royal garrison.

Maldeo of Marwar, who had so ably opposed the Afghans, was compelled to follow the example of so many of his brother princes, and to make himself vassal of Akbar; only two years subsequent to Pratap's accession, after a brave but fruitless resistance, he sent his son, Udai Singh, to pay homage to the king. With such examples, and with less power to resist the temptation, the minor chiefs of Rajasthan, with a brave and numerous vassalage, became satraps of Delhi, and they became greater by the change. Truly did the Moghal historian describe them "at once the props and the ornaments of the throne."

But these were fearful odds against Pratap; the arms of his countrymen were thus turned against him. An anecdote illustrative of the settled repugnance of the ruling family of Mewar to sully the purity of its blood may here be related, as its result had a material influence on its subsequent condition. Raja Maun, who had succeeded to the throne of Ambar, was the most celebrated of his race, and from him may be dated the rise of his country. This prince, the brother-in-law of Akbar, was an example of the wisdom of that policy which Baber adopted to strengthen his conquest; namely, that of connecting his family by ties of marriage with the Hindus. Raja Maun, by his courage and talents, became the most conspicuous of all the generals of the empire. To him Akbar was indebted for half his triumphs. The bards of the country find a delightful theme in recounting his exploits, from the snow-clad Caucasus to the shores of the "golden Chersonese."

Raja Maun was returning triumphant from an expedition of conquest, when he proposed to have an

interview with Pratap. The latter advanced to receive him, and a feast was prepared on the shores of a lake. The board was spread, the Raja summoned, and Prince Umra appointed to wait upon him. But no Rana Pratap appeared, for whose absence apologies alleging headache were urged by his son, with the request that Raja Maun would waive all ceremony, receive his welcome and partake of the feast. The prince, in a tone at once dignified and respectful, replied: 'Tell the Rana, I can guess the cause of his headache; but the error is irremediable, and if *he* refuses to put a plate before me, who will?' Further subterfuge was useless. The Rana expressed his regret; but added, that 'he could not eat with a Rajput who gave his sister in marriage to a Turk, and who probably also ate with him.'

Raja Maun was unwise to have risked this disgrace, and if the invitation went from Pratap, the insult was ungenerous as well as impolite; but of this he is acquitted. Raja Maun left the feast untouched, save the few grains of rice he offered to Undeva, which he placed in his turban, observing as he withdrew, 'It was for the preservation of your honour that we sacrificed our own, and gave our sisters and our daughters to the Turk; but abide in peril, if such be your resolve, for this country shall not hold you'; and mounting his horse he turned to the Rana, who appeared at this abrupt termination of his visit: 'If I do not humble your pride, my name is not Maun'; to which Pratap replied, 'I shall always be happy to meet you.'

The ground was deemed impure where the feast was spread; it was broken up and purified with the water of the Ganges, and the chiefs who witnessed the humilia-

tion of one whom they deemed an apostate, bathed and changed their vestments as if polluted by his presence. Every act was reported to the emperor, who was exasperated at the insult thus offered to himself, and who justly dreaded the revival of those prejudices, which he had hoped, were vanquished; and it hastened the first of those sanguinary battles which have immortalised the name of Pratap.

Prince Selim, the heir of Delhi, led the war guided by the counsels of Raja Maun and Mohabet Khan. Pratap trusted to his native hills and the valour of twenty-two thousand Rajputs to withstand the son of Akbar. The divisions of the royal army encountered little opposition at the defiles by which they penetrated the western side of the Aravali, concentrating as they approached the chief pass which led to the vulnerable part of this intricate country.

The range to which Pratap was restricted was the mountainous region around, though chiefly to the west of the new capital, from north to south about eighty miles in length, and in breadth about the same. The whole of this space is mountain and forest, valley and stream. The approaches to the capital from every point to the north, west and south, are so narrow as to merit the term of defile; on each side were lofty perpendicular rocks, with scarce breadth for two carriages abreast, across which are those ramparts of nature termed Col in the mountain scenery of Europe, which occasionally open into spaces sufficiently capacious to encamp a large force. Such was the plain of Huldighat, at the base of a neck of mountain which shut up the valley and rendered it almost inaccessible. Above and below, the Rajputs were posted; and on the cliffs and pinnacles

overlooking the field of battle, stood the faithful aborigine, the Bhil, with his natural weapon, the bow and arrow, and huge stones ready to roll upon the combatant enemy.

At this pass Pratap was posted with the flower of Mewar; and glorious was the struggle for its maintenance. Clan after clan followed with desperate intrepidity, emulating the daring of their prince, who led the crimson banner into the hottest part of the field. In vain he strained every nerve to encounter Raja Maun, but though denied the luxury of revenge on his Rajput foe, he made good a passage to where Selim commanded. His guards fell before Pratap, and but for the steel plates which defended his *howda*, the lance of the Rajput would have deprived Akbar of his heir. His steed, the gallant Chituk, nobly seconded his lord, and is represented in all historical drawings of this battle with one foot raised upon the elephant of the Moghal, while his rider has his lance propelled against his foe. The conductor of the elephant, destitute of the means of defence, was slain, when the infuriated animal, now without control, carried off Selim.

On this spot the carnage was immense : the Moghals eager to defend Selim; and the heroes of Mewar to second their prince, who had already received seven wounds. Marked by the 'royal umbrella,' which he would not lay aside, and which collected the might of the enemy against him, Pratap was thrice rescued from amidst the foe, and was at length nearly overwhelmed, when one of his chiefs gave a signal instance of fidelity, and extricated him with the loss of his own life. The chief seized upon the insignia of Mewar, and rearing the 'gold sun' over his own head, made good his way to an

intricate position, drawing after him the brunt of the battle, while his prince was forced away from the field. With all his brave vassals the noble chief fell; and in remembrance of the deed, his descendants have since the day of Huldighat borne the regal ensigns of Mewar, and enjoyed 'the right hand of her princes.' But this desperate valour was unavailing against such a force with a numerous field artillery and a dromedary corps mounting swivels; and of twenty-two thousand Rajputs assembled on that day for the defence of Huldighat, only eight thousand quitted the field alive.

Pratap, unattended, fled on the gallant Chituk, who had borne him through the day, and saved him now by leaping a mountain stream when closely pursued by two Moghal chiefs, whom this impediment momentarily checked. But Chituk, like his master, was wounded; his pursuers gained upon Pratap, and the flash from the flint-lock announced them at his heels, when in the broad accents of his native tongue the salutation *Ho! nila ghorā ra aswar* ('Ho! rider of the blue horse') made him look back, and he beheld but a single horseman; and that horseman was his brother.

Sukta, whose personal enmity to Pratap had made him a traitor to Mewar, beheld from the ranks of Akbar the 'blue horse' flying unattended. Resentment was extinguished, and a feeling of affection, mingling with sad and humiliating recollections, took possession of his bosom. He joined in the pursuit, but only to slay the pursuers, who fell beneath his lance; and now, for the first time in their lives, the brothers embraced in friendship. Here Chituk fell, and as the Raja unbuckled his caparison to place it upon Unkarro, presented to him by his brother, the noble steed expired

An altar was raised, and even today marks the spot where Chituk died; and the entire scene appears painted on the walls of half the houses of the capital.

The greeting between the brothers was necessarily short, but the merry Sukta, who was attached to Selim's personal force, could not let it pass without a joke; and inquiring 'How a man felt when flying for his life?' he quitted Pratap with the assurance of reunion at the first safe opportunity. On rejoining Selim, the truth of Sukta was greatly doubted when he related that Pratap had not only slain his pursuers, but also his steed, which obliged him to return on that of the Khorasani. Prince Selim pledged his word to pardon him if he related the truth; when Sukta replied, 'The burthen of a kingdom is on my brother's shoulders, nor could I witness his danger without defending him from it.' Selim kept his word, but dismissed the traitor.

Determined to make a suitable nazar on his introduction, he redeemed Phynsaor by a *coup de main*, and joined Pratap, who made him a grant of the conquest, which long remained the chief abode of his family.

On the 7th July, 1576, a day ever memorable in her annals, the best blood of Mewar irrigated the pass of Huldighat. Of the nearest kin of the prince five hundred were slain: and every house of Mewar mourned its chief support.

Elate with victory, Selim left the hills. The rainy season had set in, which impeded operations, and obtained for Pratap a few months of repose; but with the spring the foe returned, when he was again defeated, and took post in Komulmir. He here made a gallant and protracted resistance, and did not retire till insects rendered the well-water impure.

Pratap withdrew to Choand. Mohabet Khan took possession of Udaipur; while Khan Ferid, a prince of the blood, approached Choand from the south. Thus beset on every side, dislodged from the most secret retreat, and hunted from glen to glen, there appeared no hope for Pratap. Yet even while his pursuers deemed him panting in some obscure lurking-place, he would by mountain signals reassemble his bands and assail them unawares and often unguarded. By a skilful manœuvre, Ferid, who dreamed of nothing less than making the Rajput prince his prisoner, was blocked up in a defile and his force cut off to a man. Unaccustomed to such warfare, the mercenary Moghals became disgusted in combating a foe seldom tangible; while the monsoon swelled the mountain streams, filling the reservoirs with mineral poisons and the air with pestilential exhalations. The periodical rains accordingly always brought some respite to Pratap.

Years thus rolled away, each ending with a diminution of his means and an increase to his misfortunes. His family was his chief source of anxiety; he dreaded their captivity, an apprehension often on the point of being realized. On one occasion they were saved by the faithful Bhils of Cavah, who carried them in wicker baskets and concealed them in the tin mines of Jawura, where they guarded and fed them. Bolts and rings are still preserved in the trees about Jawura and Choand, to which baskets were suspended, the only cradles of the royal children of Mewar, in order to preserve them from the tiger and the wolf.

Yet amidst such complicated evils, the fortitude of Pratap remained unshaken, and a spy sent by Akbar represented the Rajput and his chiefs seated at a scanty

meal, maintaining all the etiquette observed in prosperity, the Rana bestowing the *dunah* on the most deserving, which though only of the wild fruit of the country, was received with all the reverence of better days. Such inflexible magnanimity touched the soul of Akbar and extorted the homage of every chief in Rajasthan; nor could those who swelled the gorgeous train of the emperor withhold their admiration. These annals have preserved some stanzas addressed by the Khan-khana, the first of the satraps of Delhi, to the noble Rajput, in his native tongue, applauding his valour and stimulating his perseverance. ‘All is unstable in this world: land and wealth will disappear, but the virtue of a great name lives for ever. Putto (Pratap) abandoned wealth and land, but never bowed the head: alone, of all the princes of Hind, he preserved the honour of his race.’

But there were moments when the wants of those dearer than his own life almost excited him to frenzy. His wife was insecure, even in the rock or the cave; and his infants, heirs to every luxury, were weeping around him for food, for with such pertinacity did the Moghal myrmidons pursue them that ‘five meals have been prepared and been abandoned for want of opportunity to eat them.’ On one occasion his queen and his son’s wife were preparing a few cakes from the flour of the meadow grass, of which one was given to each; half for the present, the rest for a future meal. Pratap was stretched beside them pondering on his misfortunes, when a piercing cry from his daughter roused him from reflection; a wild cat had darted on the reserved portion of food, and the agony of hunger made her shrieks insupportable. Until that moment his fortitude had been unsubdued. He had beheld his sons and his

kindred fall around him on the field without emotion—for this the Rajput was born'; but the lamentation of his children for food unmanned him. He cursed the name of royalty, if it was only to be enjoyed on such conditions.

Unable to stem the torrent, he formed a resolution worthy of his character; he determined to abandon Mewar and the blood-stained Chittur (no longer the stay of his race), and to lead his people to the Indus, plant "the crimson banner" on the insular capital of the Sogdi, and leave a desert between him and his inexorable foe. With his family and all that was yet noble in Mewar, his chieftains and vassals, a firm and intrepid band, who preferred exile to degradation, he descended the Aravali, and had reached the confines of the desert, when an accident occurred which made him change his measures, and still remain a dweller in the land of his forefathers. If the historic annals of Mewar record acts of unexampled severity, they are not without instances of unparalleled devotion. The minister of Pratap, whose ancestors had for ages held the office, placed at his prince's disposal their accumulated wealth, which, with other resources, is stated to have been equivalent to the maintenance of twenty-five thousand men for twelve years. The name of Bhama Sah is preserved as the saviour of Mewar.

With this splendid proof of gratitude as an incitement, he again 'screwed his courage to the sticking-place,' collected his bands, and while his foes imagined that he was endeavouring to effect a retreat through the desert, surprised the Moghal general in his camp and cut his troops to pieces. The fugitives were pursued to Amait, the garrison of which shared the same

fate. Ere they could recover from their consternation, Komulmir was assaulted and taken; and thirty-two fortified posts were in like manner carried by surprise, the troops being put to death without mercy. To use the words of the annals: "Pratap made a desert of Mewar; he made an offering to the sword of whatever dwelt in its plains," an appalling but indispensable sacrifice. In one short campaign he had recovered all Mewar, except Chittur, Ajmir and Mandalgurh; and determining to have a slight ovation in return for the triumph Raja Maun had enjoyed (who had fulfilled to the letter his threat that Pratap should 'live in peril'), he invaded Ambar, and sacked its chief mart of commerce, Malpura.

Pratap was indebted to a combination of causes for the repose he enjoyed during the latter years of his life; and though this may be ascribed principally to the new fields of ambition which occupied the Moghal arms, we are authorized also to admit the full weight of the influence that the conduct of the Hindu prince exerted upon Akbar together with the general sympathy of his fellow princes, who swelled the train of the conqueror and were too powerful to be regarded with indifference.

Repose was, however, no boon to the noblest of his race. A mind like Pratap's could enjoy no tranquillity, while, from the summit of the pass which guarded Udaipur, his eye embraced Chittur, the city to which he must ever be a stranger. To a soul like his, burning for the redemption of the glory of his race, the mercy thus shown him in placing a limit to his hopes, was more difficult of endurance than the pangs of fabled Tantalus. Imagine the warrior, yet in manhood's prime, broken with fatigues and covered with scars, from amidst the

fragments of basaltic ruin (fit emblem of his own condition) casting a wistful eye to the rock stained with the blood of his fathers; whilst, in the 'dark chamber' of his mind, the scenes of glory enacted there appeared with unearthly lustre.

A premature decay assailed the pride of Rajasthan; and a mind diseased preyed on an exhausted frame, and prostrated him in the very summer of his days. The last moments of Pratap were an appropriate commentary on his life, which he terminated, like the Carthaginian swearing his successor to eternal conflict against, the foes of his country's independence.

It is worthy the attention of those who influence the destinies of states in more favoured climes, to estimate the intensity of feeling which could arm this prince to oppose the resources of a small principality against the then most powerful empire of the world, whose armies were more numerous and far more efficient than any ever led by the Persian against the liberties of Greece. Had Mewar possessed her Thucydides or her Xenophon, neither the wars of Peloponnesus nor the retreat of the 'ten thousand' would have yielded more diversified incidents for the historic muse, than the deeds of this brilliant reign amid the many vicissitudes of Mewar. Undaunted heroism, inflexible fortitude, that which 'keeps honour bright,' perseverance, with fidelity such as no nation can boast, were the materials opposed to a soaring ambition, commanding talents, unlimited means, and the fervour of religious zeal; all, however, insufficient to contend with one unconquerable mind. There is not a pass in the alpine Aravali that is not sanctified by some deed of Pratap—some brilliant victory, or oftener more glorious defeat,

Huldighat is the Thermopylæ of Mewar; the field of Deweir, her Marathon.

—*From TODD's ANNALS OF RAJASTHAN*

III

CLIVE AT ARCOT

[In the year 1748, died the great Nizam al Mulk, viceroy of the Deccan. His son, Nazir Jung, succeeded him. But Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, put forward a false claim on his own behalf.

At this time, the Carnatic, one of the wealthiest provinces of the Deccan was ruled by Anaverdy Khan, and his title was disputed by one Chunda Sahib.

In this unsettled state of things, Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Sahib united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied to the French for assistance. Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the French leader, Dupleix, a man of restless, capacious, and inventive mind. He at once sent a powerful force to help his confederates. A battle was fought. The French fought splendidly, and Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Mahommed Ali, fled with the small remnant of his army to Trichinopoly ; and the conquerors became at once masters of almost every part of the Carnatic. The triumph of French arms and policy was complete, and Dupleix was declared Governor of India from the Krishna to Cape Comorin.]

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the

rival Company, and continued to recognize Mahommed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Mahommed Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone; and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chunda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England; and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colours flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress, had served only to expose their own weakness, and to heighten his glory. At this moment, the valour and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall; that the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish; and that the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the

Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and entrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoys, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him, only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was be-

sieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix dispatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoyes. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability, which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to shew signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and

religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief was extraordinary. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahomed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the

great Mahomedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein, the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his last prayer; how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollect with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslems of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose fore-heads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously

away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry, the assailants mounted with great boldness ; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride, and Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command.

—*From MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON CLIVE.*

IV

EARLY LIFE OF NELSON

Horatio Nelson was born September 29, 1758, in the parsonage house of Burnham Thorpe, a village in the county of Norfolk, of which his father was rector. The maiden name of his mother was Suckling : her grand-

mother was an elder sister of Sir Robert Walpole, and this child was named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole. Mrs. Nelson died in 1767, leaving eight children. Her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling, of the navy, visited the widower upon this event, and promised to take care of one of the boys. Three years afterwards, when Horatio was only twelve years of age, being at home during the Christmas holidays, he read in the county newspaper that his uncle was appointed to the Raisonuable, of sixty-four guns. ‘Do William, said he to a brother, who was a year and a half older than himself. ‘write to my father, and tell him that I should like to go to sea with Uncle Maurice.’ Mr. Nelson was then at Bath, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health. His circumstances were straitened, and he had no prospect of ever seeing them bettered. He knew that it was the wish of providing for himself by which Horatio was chiefly actuated, and did not oppose his resolution. He understood also the boy’s character, and had always said, that in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the very top of the tree. Accordingly, the uncle was written to. What,’ said he in answer, ‘has poor Horatio done who is so weak, that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea?—But let him come, and the first time we go into action, a cannon ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once.’

It is manifest from these words that Horatio was not the boy whom his uncle would have chosen to bring up in his own profession. He was never of a strong body; and the ague, which at that time was one of the most common diseases in England, had greatly reduced his strength; yet he had already given proofs of that

resolute heart and nobleness of mind, which, during his whole career of labour and of glory, so eminently distinguished him.

When a mere child, he strayed a bird's-nesting from his grandmother's house in company with a cow-boy. The dinner hour elapsed; he was absent, and could not be found; and the alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended that he might have been carried off by gipsies. At length, after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone, sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he could not get over. 'I wonder, child,' said the old lady when she saw him, 'that hunger and fear did not drive you home.' 'Fear! grand-mamma,' replied the future hero, 'I never saw fear:—What is it?'

Once, after the winter holidays, when he and his brother William had set off on horseback to return to school, they came back because there had been a fall of snow; and William, who did not much like the journey, said it was too deep for them to venture on. 'If that be the case,' said the father, 'you certainly shall not go but make another attempt, and I will leave it to your honour. If the road is dangerous, you may return: but remember, boys, I leave it to your honour.' The snow was deep enough to have afforded them a reasonable excuse; but Horatio was not to be prevailed upon to turn back. 'We must go on,' said he: 'remember, brother, it was left to our honour!'

Early on a cold and dark spring morning, Mr. Nelson's servant arrived at this school with the expected summons for Horatio to join his ship. The parting from his brother William, who had been for so many years his playmate and bed-fellow, was a painful effort, and

was the beginning of those privations which are the sailor's lot through life. He accompanied his father to London. The Raisonneable was lying in the Medway. He was put into the Chatham stage, and on its arrival was set down with the rest of the passengers, and left to find his way on board as he could. After wandering about in the cold without being able to reach the ship, an officer observed the forlorn appearance of the boy, questioned him, and, happening to be acquainted with his uncle, took him home, and gave him some refreshments. When he got on board, his uncle was not in the ship, nor had any person been apprised of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole remainder of the day, without being noticed by any one; and it was not till the second day that somebody, as he expressed it, "took compassion on him." The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil, when the living branch is cut from the parent tree,—is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart: but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life. Added to these feelings, the sea boy has to endure physical hardships, and the privation of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate heart, and he remembered through life his first days of wretchedness in the service.

The Raisonneable having been commissioned on account of the dispute respecting the Falkland

Islands, was paid off as soon as the difference with the court of Spain was accommodated, and Captain Suckling was removed to the Triumph, seventy-four, then stationed as a guardship in the Thames. This was considered as too inactive a life for a boy, and Nelson was therefore sent on a voyage to the West Indies in a merchant ship, commanded by Mr. John Rathbone, an excellent seaman, who had served as master's mate under Captain Suckling in the Dreadnought. He returned a practical seaman, but with a hatred of the king's service, and a saying then common among the sailors—'Aft the most honour; forward the better man.' Rathbone had probably been disappointed and disgusted in the navy; and, with no unfriendly intentions, warned Nelson against a profession which he himself had found hopeless. His uncle received him on board the Triumph on his return; and discovering his dislike to the navy, took the best means of reconciling him to it. He held it out as a reward, that if he attended well to his navigation, he should go in the cutter and decked long boat, which was attached to the commanding officer's ship at Chatham. Thus he became a good pilot for vessels of that description, from Chatham to the Tower, and down the Swin Channel to the North Foreland, and acquired a confidence among rocks and sands, of which he often felt the value.

Nelson had not been many months on board the Triumph when his love of enterprise was excited by hearing that two ships were fitting out for a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole. In consequence of the difficulties which were expected on such a service, these vessels were to take out effective men instead of the usual number of boys. This, however, did not deter

him from soliciting to be received, and by his uncle's interest he was admitted as coxswain under Captain Lutwidge, second in command. The voyage was undertaken in compliance with an application from the Royal Society. The Hon. Captain Constantine John Phipps, eldest son of Lord Mulgrave, volunteered his services. The Racehorse and Carcass were selected, as the strongest ships, and therefore best adapted for such a voyage; and they were taken into dock and strengthened, to render them as secure as possible against the ice. Two masters of Greenlandmen were employed as pilots for each ship. No expedition was ever more carefully fitted out; and the first lord of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, with a laudable solicitude, went on board himself before their departure, to see that everything had been completed to the wish of the officers. The ships were provided with a simple and excellent apparatus for distilling fresh from salt water, the invention of Dr. Irving, who accompanied the expedition. It consisted merely of fitting a tube to the ship's kettle, and applying a wet mop to the surface, as the vapour was passing. By these means, from thirty-four to forty gallons were produced every day.

They sailed from the Nore on the 4th of June; on the 6th of the following month, they were in latitude $79^{\circ} 56' 39''$; longitude $9^{\circ} 43' 30''$ E. The next day, about the place where most of the old discoverers had been stopped, the Racehorse was beset with ice; but they hove her through with ice anchors. Captain Phipps continued ranging along the ice, northward and westward, till the 24th; he then tried to the eastward. On the 30th he was in latitude $80^{\circ} 13'$, longitude $18^{\circ} 48'$ E., among the islands and in the ice, with no appearance of

an opening for the ships. The weather was exceedingly fine, mild, and unusually clear. Here they were becalmed in a large bay, with three apparent openings between the islands which formed it: but everywhere, as far as they could see, surrounded with ice. There was not a breath of air, the water was perfectly smooth, the ice covered with snow, low and even, except a few broken pieces near the edge; and the pools of water in the middle of the ice fields just crusted over with young ice. On the next day the ice closed upon them, and no opening was to be seen anywhere, except a hole or lake, as it might be called, of about a mile and a half in circumference, where the ships lay fast to the ice with their ice anchors. They filled their casks with water from these ice fields, which was very pure and soft. The men were playing on the ice all day: but the Greenland pilots, who were further than they had ever been before, and considered that the season was far advancing, were alarmed at being thus beset.

The next day there was not the smallest opening: the ships were within less than two lengths of each other, separated by ice, and neither having room to turn. The ice, which the day before had been flat, and almost level with the water's edge, was now in many places forced higher than the mainyard, by the pieces squeezing together. A day of thick fog followed: it was succeeded by clear weather, but the passage by which the ships had entered from the westward was closed, and no open water was in sight, either in that or any other quarter. By the pilot's advice, the men were set to cut a passage and warp through the small openings to the westward. They sawed through pieces of ice twelve feet thick; and this labour continued the whole

day, during which their utmost efforts did not move the ships above three hundred yards; while they were driven, together with the ice, far to the N.E. and E. by the current. Sometimes a field of several acres square would be lifted up between two larger islands, and incorporated with them; and thus these larger pieces continued to grow by aggregation. Another day passed, and there seemed no probability of getting the ships out, without a strong E. or N.E. wind. The season was far advanced, and every hour lessened the chance of extricating themselves. Young as he was, Nelson was appointed to command one of the boats which were sent out to explore a passage into the open water. It was the means of saving a boat belonging to the Racehorse from a singular but imminent danger. Some of the officers had fired at, and wounded, a walrus. As no other animal has so human-like an expression in its countenance, so also is there none that seems to possess more of the passions of humanity. The wounded animal dived immediately, and brought up a number of its companions; and they all joined in an attack upon the boat. They wrested an oar from one of the men; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the crew could prevent them staving or upsetting her, till the Carcass's boat came up: and the walruses, finding their enemies thus reinforced, dispersed.

Young Nelson exposed himself in a more daring manner. One night, during the mid-watch, he stole from the ship with one of his comrades, taking advantage of a rising fog, and set out over the ice in pursuit of a bear. It was not long before they were missed. The fog thickened, and Captain Lutwidge and his officers became exceedingly alarmed for their safety. Between

three and four in the morning the weather cleared, and the two adventurers were seen, at a considerable distance from the ship, attacking a huge bear. The signal for them to return was immediately made: Nelson's comrade called upon him to obey it, but in vain; his musket had flashed in the pan; their ammunition was expended; and a chasm in the ice, which divided him from the bear, probably preserved his life. "Never mind," he cried; "do but let me get a blow at this beast with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him." Captain Lutwidge, however, seeing his danger, fired a gun, which had the desired effect of frightening the beast; and the boy then returned, somewhat afraid of the consequences of his trespass. The captain reprimanded him sternly for conduct so unworthy of the office which he filled, and desired to know what motive he could have for hunting a bear. 'Sir,' said he, pouting his lip as he was wont to do when agitated, 'I wished to kill the bear that I might carry the skin to my father.'

At length, after many trials and difficulties, the ships returned to England and were paid off shortly after. And Nelson was then placed by his uncle with Captain Farmer, in the Seahorse, of twenty guns, then going out to the East Indies in the squadron under Sir Edward Hughes. He was stationed in the foretop at watch. His good conduct attracted the attention of the master (afterwards Captain Surridge), in whose watch he was; and, upon his recommendation, the captain rated him as mid-shipman. At this time his countenance was florid, and his appearance rather stout and athletic: but when he had been about eighteen months in India, he felt the effects of that climate, so perilous

to European constitutions. The disease baffled all power of medicine; he was reduced almost to a skeleton; the use of his limbs was for some time entirely lost; and the only hope that remained, was from a voyage home. Accordingly he was brought home by Captain Pigot, in the *Dolphin*; and had it not been for the attentive and careful kindness of that officer on the way, Nelson would never have lived to reach his native shores. He had formed an acquaintance with Sir Charles Pole, Sir Thomas Trowbridge, and other distinguished officers, then, like himself, beginning their career: he had left them pursuing that career in full enjoyment of health and hope, and was returning from a country in which all things were to him new and interesting, with a body broken down by sickness, and spirits which had sunk with his strength. Long afterwards, when the name of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of the feelings which he at this time endured. 'I felt impressed,' said he, 'with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. 'Well then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero! and confiding in Providence, brave every danger!'

—*From SOUTHEY'S LIFE ON NELSON.*

V

FOUR GOOD LETTERS

(1)

T. B. Macaulay (aged twelve) to his FatherSHELFORD: *February 22nd, 1813*

MY DEAR PAPA,

As this is a whole holiday, I cannot find a better time for answering your letter. With respect to my health, I am very well, and tolerably cheerful, as Blundell, the best and most clever of all scholars, is very kind, and talks to me, and takes my part. He is quite a friend of Mr. Preston's. The other boys, especially Lyon, a Scotch boy, and Wilberforce, are very good-natured. In my learning I do Xenophon every day, and twice a week the Odyssey, in which I am classed with Wilberforce, whom all the boys allow to be very clever, very droll, and very impudent. We do Latin verses twice a week, and I have not yet been laughed at, as Wilberforce is the only one who hears them, being in my class. We are exercised also once a week in English composition, and once in Latin composition, and letters of persons renowned in history to each other. We get by heart Greek grammar or Virgil every evening. As for sermon-writing, I have hitherto got off with credit, and I hope I shall keep up my reputation. We had the first meeting of our debating society the other day, when a vote of censure was moved for upon Wilberforce; but he, getting up, said: 'Mr. President, I beg to second the motion.' By this means he escaped. The kindness which Mr. Preston shows me is very great. He always assists me in what I cannot do, and takes me to walk

out with him every now and then. My room is a delightful snug little chamber, which nobody can enter, as there is a trick about opening the door. I sit like a king, with my writing-desk before me, for (would you believe it?) there is a writing-desk in my chest of drawers; my books on one side, my box of papers on the other, with my arm-chair and my candle—for every boy has a candlestick, snuffers, and extinguisher of his own. Being pressed for room, I will conclude what I have to say to-morrow, and ever remain,

Your affectionate son,
THOMAS B. MACAULAY

(2)

Thomas Hood to a Young Friend
Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road
ST. JOHN'S WOOD
July 1st

MY DEAR DUNNIE,

I have heard of your doings at Sandgate, and that you were so happy at getting to the sea that you were obliged to be flogged a little to moderate it and keep some for next day. I am very fond of the sea, too, though I have been twice nearly drowned by it: once in a storm in a ship, and once under a boat's bottom when I was bathing. Of course you have bathed, but have you learned to swim yet? It is rather easy in salt water. I only swim in fancy, and strike out new ideas!

Is not the tide curious? Though I cannot say much for its tidiness—it makes such a slop and litter on the beach. It comes and goes as regularly as the boys of a day school, but has no holidays. And what a rattle the waves make with the stones when they are rough; you

will find some rolled into decent marbles and bouncers : and sometimes you may hear the sound of a heavy sea, at a distance, like a giant snoring. Some people say that every ninth wave is bigger than the rest. I have often counted, but never found it come true.

But in rough weather there are giant waves, bigger than the rest, that come in trios, from which, I suppose, Britannia rules the waves by the rule of three. When I was a boy I loved to play with the sea, in spite of its sometimes getting rather rough. I and my brother chucked hundreds of stones into it as you do, but we came away before we could fill it up. In those days we were at war with France. Unluckily it's peace now, or with so many stones you might have good fun for days in pelting the enemy's coast. Once I almost thought I nearly hit Boney !

Then there was looking for an island, like Robinson Crusoe's ! Have you ever found one yet, surrounded by water ? I remember once staying on a beach, when the tide was flowing, till I was a peninsula, and only by running turned myself into a continent.

Do you ever long, when you are looking at the sea, for a voyage ? If I were off Sandgate with my yacht (only she is not yet built), I would give you a cruise in her. In the meantime you can practise sailing any little boat you can get.

By this time, I suppose, you are become, instead of a land-boy, a regular sea-urchin ; and so amphibious, that you can walk on the land as well as on the water—or better. And don't you mean, when you grow up, to go to sea ? Should you not like to be a little midshipman ? or half a quartermaster, with a cocked hat, and a dirk that will be a sword by the time you are a man ?

If you do resolve to be a post-captain, let me know; and I will endeavour, through my interest with the Commissioners of Pavements, to get you a post to jump over, of the proper height.

And so farewell, young "Old Fellow," and take care of yourself so near the sea, for in some places they say it has not even a bottom to go to, if you fall in. And remember when you are bathing, if you meet with a shark, the best way is to bite off his legs, if you can, before he walks off with yours. And so, hoping you will be better soon, for somebody told me you had the shingles,

I am, my dear Dunnie,

Your affectionate friend,

THOMAS HOOD

P.S.—I have heard that at Sandgate there used to be lobsters, but some ignorant fairy turned them all by a spell into bolsters.

(3)

William Hazlitt to a Schoolboy

LONDON, September 12th, 1822.

MY DEAR LITTLE FELLOW,

You are now going to settle at school, and may consider this as your first entrance into the world. As my health is so indifferent, and I may not be with you long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you, and as something to remember me by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else.

As we went along to your new place of destination,

you often repeated that you durst say they were a set of stupid, disagreeable people, meaning the people at the school. You were to blame in this. It is a good old rule to hope for the best. Always, my dear, believe things to be right till you find them the contrary; and even then, instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavour to put up with them as well as you can, if you cannot alter them. You said you were sure you should not like the school where you were going. This was wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But you could not tell whether you should like the school or not, till you had given it a trial. Otherwise, your saying that you should not like it was determining that you would not like it. Never anticipate evils; or, because you cannot have things exactly as you wish, make them out worse than they are, through mere spite and wilfulness.

You seemed at first to take no notice of your school-fellows, or rather to set yourself against them, because they were strangers to you. They knew as little of you as you did of them; so that this would have been a reason for their keeping aloof from you as well, which you would have felt as a hardship. Learn never to conceive a prejudice against others, because you know nothing of them. It is bad reasoning, and makes enemies of half the world. Do not think ill of them, till they behave ill to you; and then strive to avoid the faults which you see in them. This will disarm their hostility sooner than pique or resentment or complaint.

I thought you were disposed to criticise the dress of some of the boys as not so good as your own. Never despise any one for anything that he cannot help—least of all, for his poverty. I would wish you to keep up

appearances yourself as a defence against the idle sneers of the world, but I would not have you value yourself upon them. I hope you will neither be the dupe nor victim of vulgar prejudices. Instead of saying as above, "Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help"—I might have said, "Never despise any one at all"; for contempt implies a triumph over and pleasure in the ill of another. It means that you are glad and congratulate yourself on their failings or misfortunes. The sense of inferiority in others, without this indirect appeal to our self-love, is a painful feeling, and not an exalting one.

You complain since, that the boys laugh at you and do not care about you, and that you are not treated as you were at home. My dear, that is one chief reason for your being sent to school, to inure you betimes to the unavoidable rubs and uncertain reception you may meet with in life. You cannot always be with me, and perhaps it is as well that you cannot. But you must not expect others to show the same concern about you as I should. You have hitherto been a spoiled child, and have been used to have your own way a good deal, both in the house and among your playfellows, with whom you were too fond of being a leader: but you have good nature and good sense, and will get the better of this in time. You have now got among other boys who are your equals, or bigger and stronger than yourself, and who have something else to attend to besides humouring your whims and fancies, and you feel this as a repulse or piece of injustice. But the first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world besides yourself.

There are a number of boys in the school

whose amusements and pursuits (whatever they may be) are and ought to be of as much consequence to them as yours can be to you, and to which therefore you must give way in your turn. The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed at. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom. Remember always that you are but one among others, and you can hardly mistake your place in society. In your father's house you might do as you please: in the world, you will find competitors at every turn. You are not born a king's son to destroy or dictate to millions; you can only expect to share their fate, or settle your differences amicably with them. You already find it so at school, and I wish you to be reconciled to your situation as soon and with as little pain as you can.

Your affectionate father

W. HAZLITT

(4)

Abraham Lincoln to a Lady

November 21st, 1864

DEAR MADAM,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

VI

IVO TAILLEBOIS

A proud man was Ivo Taillebois, as he rode one morning in the year 1070 out of Spalding town, with a dozen men-at-arms at his back,—who would hunt men, while he hunted game.

An adventurer from Anjou, brutal, ignorant, and profligate—low-born, too; he was no more than a wood-cutter's son; he still had his deserts. He was valiant, cunning and skilled in war. He and his Angevine troop had fought like tigers by William's side at Hastings; and he had been rewarded with many a manor of which the English owners had been dispossessed.

As he rode out of Spalding town, a man was being hanged on the gallows permanently provided there.

The sight was so common, that Ivo would not have stopped, had not a priest, who was comforting the criminal, run forward and almost thrown himself under the horse's feet.

“ Mercy, good my lord, in the name of God and all His saints.”

Ivo rode on.

"Mercy!" and the priest laid hands on Ivo's bridle, and said. "If he took a few pike out of your mere, remember that the mere was his, and his father's before him. Pray, do not send a sorely tempted soul out of the world for a paltry fish."

"And where am I to get fish for Lent, sir priest, if every rascal nets my waters, because his father did so before him? Take your hand off my bridle, or I will hew it off."

The priest looked at him, with something of honest fierceness in his eyes, but he dropped the bridle, muttering to himself in Latin.

"What art thou muttering, beast? Go home to thy wife before I rout out thee and thy fellow-canons, and put in good monks from Normandy in the place of you, drunken English. Hang him!" shouted he, as the bystanders fell on their knees before the tyrant, crouching in terror, every woman for her husband, every man for wife and daughter. "And hearken, you fen-frogs all. Whose touches pike or eel, swimming or wading fowl, within these meres of mine, without my leave, I will hang him as I hanged this man; as I hanged four brothers in a row on Wrokesham Bridge but last week."

"Go to Wrokesham Bridge and see," shouted a shrill cracked voice from behind the crowd.

All looked round; and more than one of Ivo's men set up a yell, the hangman loudest of all.

"That's he, the heron again! Catch him! Stop him! Shoot him!"

But that was not so easy. As Ivo pushed his horse through the crowd, careless of whom he crushed, he saw a long lean figure flying through the air seven feet a'oft, on the farther side of a deep broad ditch; and, on

the nearer side of the same, one of his best men lying stark, with a cloven skull.

"Go to Wrokesham!" shrieked the lean man, as he rose, and showed a ridiculously long nose, neck, and legs, a double-bladed axe slung over his shoulder by a thong, a round shield at his back, and a pole three times as long as himself, which he dragged after him like an unwieldy tail.

"The heron, the heron!" shouted the English.

"Follow him, men, heron or hawk!" shouted Ivo, galloping his horse up to the ditch, and stopping short at fifteen feet of water.

"Shoot, some one! Where are the bows gone?"

The heron was away two hundred yards, running, in spite of his pole, at a wonderful pace, before a bow could be brought to bear. He seemed to expect an arrow, for he stopped, glanced his eye round, threw himself flat on his face, with his shield not over his body but over his bare legs; sprang up as the shaft stuck in the ground beside him; ran on; planted his pole in the next dyke, and flew over it.

In a few minutes he was beyond pursuit, and Ivo turned, breathless with rage, to ask who he was.

"Alas, sir, he is the man who set free the four men at Wrokesham Bridge last week."

"Set free! Are they not hanged and dead?"

"We—we dare not tell you. But he came upon us—"

"Single-handed, you cowards?"

"Sir, he is not a man, but a witch or a devil. He asked us what we did there. One of our men laughed at his long neck and legs, and called him Heron. 'Heron I am,' said he, 'and strike like a heron, right at

the eyes,' and with that he cut the man over the face with his axe, and laid him dead, and then another and another."

"Till you all ran away, villains?"

"We gave back a step—no more. And he freed one of those four, and he again, the rest; and then they all set on us, and went to hang us in their own stead."

"When there were ten of you, I thought?"

"Sir, as we told you, he is no mortal man, but a fiend."

"Beasts, fools! Well, I have hanged this one, at least!" growled Ivo, and then rode sullenly on.

"Who is that fellow?" cried he to the trembling English.

"Wulfric Rahar, Wulfric the Heron, of Wrokesham in Norfolk."

"Aha! And I hold a manor of his," said Ivo to himself. "Look you, villains, this fellow is in league with you."

A burst of abject denial followed. "Since the French drove him out of his Wrokesham lands he wanders the country, as you see; to-day here; but heaven only knows where he will be to-morrow."

"And finds, of course, a friend everywhere! Now march!" and a string of threats and curses followed.

.It was hard to see why Wulfric should not have found friends; as he was simply a small holder, or squire, driven out of house and land, and turned adrift on the wide world, for the offence of having fought in Harold's army at the battle of Hastings. But to give him food or shelter was, in Norman eyes, an act of rebellion against the rightful King William; and Ivo

wode on, boiling over with righteous indignation, along the narrow drove which led towards Deeping.

Soon a group came along the drove which promised fresh sport to the man-hunters : but as the foremost person, who was none other than Sir Robert of Deeping, came up, Ivo stopped in wonder at the shout of—

“Ivo ! Ivo Taillebois ! Halt and have a care ! The English are risen, and we are all dead men ! The barbarians rose on us last night—with Azer, the ruffian who owned my lands, at their head ; and drove us out into the night as we are, bidding us carry the news to you, for your turn would come next. There are forty or more of them in West Deeping now, and coming eastward, they say, to visit you, and what is more than all, Hereward is come again.”

“Hereward ?” cried Ivo, who knew that name full well. “Put your horses’ heads about and ride home.”

But when Ivo returned to Spalding, there galloped into the town from the north Sir Ascelin, of St. Valeri.

“Not bad news, I hope ?” cried Ivo, as Ascelin clanked into the hall. “We have enough of our own. Here is all Kesteven, as the barbarians call it, risen and they are murdering us right and left.”

“Worse news than that, Ivo Taillebois,” replied Ascelin ; “worse news than that. The north has risen again, and proclaimed Prince Edgar king.”

“A king of words ! What care I, or you, as long as the Mamzer, God bless him, is a king of deeds ?”

“They have done their deeds, though, too. Gospatriac and Marlesweyn are back out of Scotland. They attacked Robert de Comines at Durham, and burnt him in his own house. There was but one of his men got out of Durham to tell the news. And now they have

marched on York; and all the chiefs, they say, have joined them—Archill the thane, and Edwin and Morcar, and Waltheof too, the young traitors."

"Now, I will tell you but one word," said Ivo, whose spirits seemed to have been strangely elated by Ascelin's recital; "when fools make hay, wise men build ricks. This rebellion—if it had not come of itself, I would have roused it. We wanted it to cure William of this just and benevolent policy of his, which would have ended in sending us back to France as poor as we left it. Now, what am I expected to do? What says Gilbert of Ghent, the wise man of Lic-nic—what the pest do you call that outlandish place, which no civilised lips can pronounce?"

"Lic-nic-cole?" replied Ascelin, who, like the rest of the French, never could manage to say 'Lincoln'. "He says, 'March to me, and with me to join the king at York.'"

"Then he says well. These fat acres will be none-the leaner if I leave the English slaves to crop them for six months. Men! arm and horse Sir Robert of Deeping. Then arm and horse yourselves. We march north in half an hour, bag and baggage. You are all bachelors like me and travel light. So off with you! Sir Ascelin, you will eat and drink?"

"That will I."

"Quick, then, butler; and after that pack up the Englishman's plate-chest, which we inherited by right of fist—the only plate, and the only title-deeds I ever possessed."

"Now, Sir Ascelin"—as the three knights, Sir Robert's wife, and her poor children ate their fastest—"listen to me. The art of war lies in this one nut—

shell—to put the greatest number of men into one place at one time, and let all other places shift; so striking swiftly, and striking heavily. That is the rule of our liege lord King William; and by it he will conquer England, or the world, if he will; and while he does that, he shall never say that Ivo Taillebois stayed at home to guard his own manors, while he could join his king, and win all the manors of England once and for all."

"Pardex! whatever men may say of thy lineage or thy virtues, they cannot deny this, that thou art a most wise and valiant captain."

"That am I," quoth Taillebois. "As for my lineage, my lord the king has a fellow-feeling for upstarts; and the woodman's grandson may very well serve the tanner's. Now, men! is the litter ready for the lady and children? I am sorry to rattle you about thus, madame," addressing Sir Robert's lady, "but war has no courtesies, and march I must."

And so the French went out of Spalding town.

—*Adapted from Charles Kingsley's*

HEREWARD THE WAKE

VII

THE FIRST GRENADEIR OF FRANCE

For many years a beautiful custom, meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade, was witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers. When the companies assembled and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not

answer,—it was that of Latour d'Auvergne (*La-toor' Do-vern'*). When called, the oldest sergeant present stepped forward, and said proudly,—“Died on the field of honor.”

Latour was not unworthy the honor thus paid him. He was educated for the army, which he entered in 1767. He always served with distinction, but constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but, finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of eight thousand men, with the rank of captain. Hence he was known as “The First Grenadier of France.”

When Latour was forty years of age he went on a visit to a friend, in a region that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there, he was careful to acquaint himself with the country, thinking that this knowledge might some day be of use to him. He presently learned that the war had actually shifted to that quarter.

A regiment of Austrians was pushing on to surprise a narrow pass, the possession of which would prevent an important movement of the French which was then in progress. They were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where the grenadier was staying. To avoid being captured by the enemy in their advance, he at once set off for the pass. He knew that it was defended by a stout tower and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn these of their danger.

He hastened on, and, arriving there, found the tower in perfect condition. But it had been vacated by the garrison, who, hearing of the approach of the

Austrians, fled, leaving their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets. The grenadier gnashed his teeth with rage when he discovered this. Searching the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair; but immediately, with a grim smile, he began to fasten the main door and pile against it such articles as he could find.

This done, he loaded all the guns, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, under the loop-holes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance. Then he sat down to wait, resolved to defend the tower alone against the enemy. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, so that they would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to hold it against a regiment.

About midnight, his practised ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment they came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness, to warn the enemy that he knew of their presence; then he heard the quick, short commands of the officer, and, from the sounds, supposed that the troops were retiring from the pass.

Until morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, finding that he could not surprise the post as he had hoped to do, deemed it prudent to wait for daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise the Austrian commander called on the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the sum-

mons. "Say to your commander," he said to the messenger, "that the garrison will defend this pass to the last extremity." The officer who bore the flag of truce retired, and in ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass. In order to bear upon the tower, it had to be placed directly in front, and within easy musket range of it.

Scarcely was it got into position when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower; and this was continued with such marked effect that the gun was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men. This was a bad beginning; so, half an hour after, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault, but the troops were received with so rapid and accurate a fire as they entered the defile, that, when they had passed over half the distance, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the pass.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed. The Austrian commander noticed that every shot seemed to come from the same place in the tower. For a while this puzzled him, but he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loop-holes close together in the tower, so as to command the ravine.

At dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison. This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise next morning, if allowed to march out with their arms and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation the terms were accepted.

Meantime the French soldier had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with thirty

loaded muskets but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with great rapidity, but with surprising accuracy, for he never threw away a shot. He determined to stand to his post until he had accomplished his object, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to allow the French army time to complete its manœuvre. After that, he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy.

The next day, at sunrise, the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth of the ravine to the tower, leaving a space between them for the garrison to pass out. The heavy door of the tower opened, and a bronzed and scarred grenadier, laden with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load. To the surprise of the Austrians, no one followed him from the tower.

In astonishment, the Austrian colonel rode up to him, and asked in French why the garrison did not come out. "I am the garrison, colonel," said the soldier, proudly. "What!" exclaimed the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"—"I have the honor, colonel," was the reply. "What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"—"The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then, raising his cap, he said warmly, "Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave." He caused all the arms which the grenadier could not carry to be collected and sent into the French lines, together with a letter relating the whole affair.

When Napoleon learned of it, he offered to promote Latour, but the latter preferred to remain a grenadier. The brave soldier met his death in an action in June, 1800. The whole French army mourned for him for three days; every soldier set aside a day's pay to purchase a silver urn to hold his heart; his sabre was placed in the Church of the Invalides; and the impressive scene at roll-call in his regiment was begun and continued by command of the Emperor.

VIII

A TIGER HUNT

It happened, that a tigress with a cub came into a small tract of jungle which lay near our village; the first day she was seen she killed a shepherd; the second day, another man who had gone to look for his body and the third she grievously wounded the patail of the village, a man who was held in great esteem, and he died during the night. A general meeting of the villagers was held at the village *choultry* and it was determined that all the strong men of the place should proceed in a body and attack the beast in her lair. The next morning we all assembled before daybreak. There was one man, a huge large-whiskered and bearded Pathan, who volunteered to be our leader; he was hardly able to move on account of the weapons he had about him. Two swords were in his belt, which also contained a number of daggers of various sizes and shapes; a long straight two-edged sword hung over his left shoulder, the point of which nearly touched the

ground ; he had also a shield across his back, and in his right hand a matchlock with the match lighted. He addressed my father as we came up.

'Salaam aleikoom ! Ismail Sahib,' said he, 'are you coming out with us and the Sahib Sadali too ?'

'Yes, khan,' replied my father ; 'It is the duty of all good men to do their utmost in a case of need like this ; if the brute is not killed, some one else in the village will surely become its prey in a day or two.'

'Inshalla !' said the khan, twisting up his moustachios and surveying himself, 'we have resolved that the beast dies to-day. Many a tiger has fallen from a shot from my good gun ; and how could this brute escape me ?'

'But, khan,' said my father, 'how will you move with all those weapons about you ? Why, you cannot run away, were she to rush out.'

'Run away !' cried the khan. "Are our beards to be defiled by a brute ? What are you thinking of, this morning, to suppose that Dildar Khan ever turned from anything in his life ? Only let it come out, I say ; and you will see what use the weapons will be. Trust to me single-handed to finish it. First I shall shoot it with my matchlock ; it will be wounded ; then I shall advance on it thus," said he, drawing the long sword and flourishing it, at the same time twirling round and round, and leaping in every possible direction.

"There !" said he, quite out of breath, "there ! would not that have finished it ? Why I am a perfect Roostum in matters of this kind ; and killing a tiger is only child's play to Dildar Khan ! But come along, and when the play begins, let no one come in Dildar Khan's way," said he to the assembled group ; "for, Inshalla, I

mean to show you, poor ignorant people, how a tiger can be killed by a single man."

"I know the Khan to be as great a coward as ever breathed," said my father to me; "but come, let us see what he will do, for I confess I am anxious to behold him capering before the tigress."

"By Alla!" said I, "if he does perform such antics, the brute will make short work of him to a certainty."

"That is no concern of ours," said my father; "but I'm sure that he never goes within an arrow's flight of her."

We all set out, headed by Dildar Khan, who still flourished his long sword, holding his matchlock in his left hand, now and then smoothing up his moustachios, which grew, or had been trained to stick, upwards from his lips, and reached nearly to his eyes. We soon reached the jungle, and on entering it, I thought the khan showed signs of fear.

"The beast can be but a panther after all," said he, "and it is hardly worth the while of Dildar Khan to put himself to trouble. See, boys," continued he to some of us, "I will wait here; if it should really turn out to be a tiger you can let me know, and I will come and kill it."

Against this, however, we all protested, and said that all would go wrong without him; and after some demur he again proceeded.

"I told you," said my father, "how it would be; but let us see how he will end the affair."

We went on till some bones and torn clothes, and the head of one, of the unfortunate men who had been killed, lying near a bush, proved very plainly that the

animal was not far off; and at these the khan showed fresh signs of fear.

"They say it is a purrut bagh," said he, "is a beast into whom the unholy soul of that mad fakir, that son of Shitan, Shah Yacoob, has entered, and that it is proof against shot. Why should we risk our lives fighting with a devil?"

"Nay, khan" said a young dare-devil lad, the scamp of the village, "you are joking. Who ever heard of a purrut bagh that was a female? Besides, we will burn the beards of fifty Shah Yacoobs."

"Peace!" cried the khan, "be not disrespectful. Do we not all know that purrut baghs can be created? Mashalla! did I not see one near Assergurh, which a fakir had made, and turned loose on the country."

"What was it like?" cried a dozen of us; and for a moment the real tigress was forgotten.

"Like?" said the khan, rubbing up his moustachios with one hand and pressing down his waist band with the other, "like? why it had a head twice the size of any other tiger, and teeth each a cubit long, and eyes red as coals, which looked like torches at night; and it had no tail, and——"

But here he was stopped short, and our laughter too, by a loud roar from a short distance; and a moment afterwards, the tigress and half-grown cub, rushed past us with their tails in the air.

"Well, khan," said the lad before mentioned, "that is not a purrut bagh at any rate. Did you not see the tail of the big one, how she shook it at you?"

"I assure you," said he, "that, tail or no tail, it holds the accursed soul of that wretch Yacoob, may

his grave be defiled! and I will have nothing to do with it; it is useless to try to kill the Shitan; if he choose, you know, he could blow us all into hell with a breath."

"Coward! coward!" cried some of us: "you were brave in the village, how are you now?"

"Who calls me coward?" roared the khan; "follow me, and see if I am one" and he rushed forward, but not in the direction the tigress had gone.

"That is not the way," cried some; and at last he turned.

"This is child's play," said my father; "come, if we are to do anything, we had better set about it in good earnest."

And we went on in the direction the beast had taken.

It led to an open glade, at one side of which there was a large rock, with some very thick bushes upon it.

"She is there, depend upon it," said an old hunter; "I never saw a more likely place in my life."

We were all about thirty steps from the track and bushes, and Dildar Khan did not at all relish his being near them.

"Let me tell you," said he in a low voice to us all, "that having killed so many of these brutes, I know how to manage them, and as I am the best armed of the party, I shall take up my position near yonder bush, by which runs the pathway; she will take to it when she is driven out, and then you will see the reception she will meet with from Dildar Khan. Inshalla! I shall present the point of my sword to her, and she

will run on it, then I shall finish her with one blow of my tegha."

We all looked in the direction he pointed, and sure enough there was a bush, about two hundred paces off, on the pathway to the village.

"Not that one surely" said my father; "why, man, you will never see the beast from there."

"Trust me," said the khan, and off he went.

"I told you how it would be," continued my father; "directly he sees the animal, he will be off down the road as fast as he can. "But come," said he to the men, "since the khan thinks he will be of more use down yonder, I will lead you on, and we will see whether this eater of men cannot be got out."

We were immediately divided into three parties, one to go on either side of the bushes, the other by a circuit to get behind the rock and if possible upon it, in order to shoot her from above if she was to be seen; if not, at any rate to dislodge her by throwing stones. The arrangements were quickly completed, and though we were all within only a few yards of the bushes, there was no sign of the tigress. She expressed no displeasure at our near approach or preparations, as she had been disturbed before, and of course could not easily be driven out of her place of refuge. I was with one of the parties on the side, and had no arms but a sword and a light shield; indeed, I had gone more as a spectator than aught else. We waited a few minutes, and one of the party who had been sent round appeared on the top of the rock; he was soon followed by three others.

"Are you all ready?" cried one of them; "I shall heave down this stone."

"Bismillah! A way with it!" cried my father.

Three of them applied their strength to it, and at last it rolled over the face of the rock, and thundering down, split into a thousand fragments. There was a moment of great anxiety and suspense, but no tigress followed.

"Try whether you cannot see her," cried my father; "if you do, fire; we are all prepared."

The men looked down in every direction, but said nothing. At last one of them was observed to be pointing to a particular spot, as though he showed the others something.

"By Alla!" said my father, "he sees her. Look out; she will rush forth before you are thinking of her."

Every man blew his match, and planted his feet firmly. At last one of the men on the rock raised his matchlock and fired; it was answered by a tremendous roar which rent the skies, and out rushed the cub, apparently badly wounded; for before he had come a few yards, he lay down and roared horribly; he was fully half-grown, and made a dreadful noise. One of the men of our party fired at him, and he did not move after the shot struck him.

"Now we shall have tough work," said my father; "she will be savage and furious beyond description; it is hardly safe to be here; but mind your aim, my lads, she will never reach us; I never yet missed mine, but the shot may not be fatal; so look out for yourselves."

Again my father called to the men on the rock to heave over another fragment. There was a very large one just on the brink. After a good many pushes it gave way, and as before it shivered into pieces with a great noise.

It was successful; the tigress rushed out towards our side, and stood for a moment. I had never seen a tiger before, and could not help admiring her noble appearance. There she stood, her tail erect, the end of it only waving from side to side, glaring on us with her fearfully bright eyes, apparently irresolute as to what she would do, and not noticing the body of the cub, which was close to her. We were all silent as death, each man with his matchlock to his shoulder. My father fired, and then the others; I could see the whole distinctly, for I had no gun. She staggered when my father fired, he had evidently hit her; but the rest had missed, and she charged with another tremendous roar right at our party; but the shout we set up and the waving of our weapons turned her, and she set off at a low canter towards the bush where Dildar Khan had stationed himself.

"By Alla!" cried my father, "coward as he is, he will be killed! she will spare nothing now! what can be done?"

By this time the other party caught a glimpse of her, and every matchlock was discharged; she must have been hit again for she stopped, turned round, growled, and showed her teeth, but again sprang forward. I imagine Dildar Khan had no idea that she was approaching him, as he had hidden himself behind the bush and could have seen nothing of what had passed. "He may escape," said my father; "it is possible, yet scarcely likely; what can be done?" No one made a reply, but an instant afterwards I had drawn my sword, and set off at full speed after the enraged brute.

"Ameer Ali, my son! come back, come back instantly! By Alla, he too will perish!" cried my father in an agony of terror.

But I heeded not, and which man there had my fleet foot? yet some of them followed me. As I ran, I saw the tigress was weak, and was badly wounded, but still she ran fast. I saw her approach the bush, and the miserable man Dildar Khan rush from behind it, and stand in her very path, with his arms stretched out, apparently paralysed with fear. Another instant she had crouched as she ran, and sprang upon him; he was under her, and she was fiercely tearing his body. It did not stop me; I heard the cries of those behind me to turn off, but I did not. I do not think I gave the danger a thought. Another bound had brought me close to the brute, whose head was down gnawing the body beneath her. I made but one stroke at her, which, praise be to God!, was successful: the blade buried itself deep in the back of her neck, and she seemed to me to drop dead; I bounded off to one side, and watched for a moment. She was indeed dead, and lay, her limbs only quivering, upon the body of the man beneath her. Unfortunate coward! wounded as she was, she would not have turned after him, had he even had the presence of mind to avoid her; but he had thought to fly, and the sight of the animal had dulled his faculties. Though all passed in a moment, methinks now, I see him, his eyes starting from his head, and his arms raised and expanded, as though wooing the animal's fatal embrace. Coward! had he remained behind the bush, he was safe and might have shot her as she passed; but there he lay, a fearful spectacle, his face all bitten and lacerated, and the blood pouring from wounds in his stomach! He was quite dead. My father came up immediately; he embraced me, and burst into tears.

"How could you risk your life, my boy?" said he

" how could you be so rashly venturesome of your life for so poor a wretch as he ? Did I not tell you he was a coward ? Yet I am proud of you now, my son, and you have shamed us all. Mashalla ! it is a brave boy ! " and again my father hugged me to his brēast.

" I wish to say " said old Benee Singh, my instructor in athletic exercises, " that some of the praise is due to me for my good training. I always told you Ismail Sahib, that the Sahib Zadah would be worthy of his father ; may his riches increase, and may he live long ! " ' Yes, sir,' said he to me, ' often have I taught you that cut. You see, you were running along, and cut over your left hand ; it is few that can do that with any certainty, but you have caught the knack, and you want but a little practice to become as good a swordsman as myself.' ' Perhaps too,' continued he to me laughing. ' the heart of your teacher may be made glad to-day ; under such an auspicious commencement, the Sahib Zadah will remember the old Rajput.'

" That reminds me," said my father, " that I owe you a present ; come to me this afternoon. Inshalla ! we know how to be grateful for kindness, and it shall have its reward," And Benee Singh received, when he came, a handsome gift.

—From *Meadows Taylor's CONFESSIONS OF A THUG*

IX

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES

There was once a person who had enjoyed very little peace or rest since he came into the world. On one occasion he was wandering through the pleasant

land of Italy, with a mighty club in his hand, and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapt in the skin of a huge lion ; and though, on the whole, he was kind and generous and noble, there was a good deal of the lion's fierceness in his heart.

As he went on his way, he always inquired, whenever he met a man or woman of the country, if it was on the right road to the famous garden of the Hesperides. But none of the country-people seemed to know anything about the matter; and many would have laughed at the question, if the traveller had not carried such a very big club.

So he journeyed on and on, until, at last, he came to the brink of a river, where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

'Can you tell me, pretty maidens,' asked the stranger, 'whether I am on the right way to the garden of the Hesperides ?'

On hearing the question, the young women dropped all their flowers on the grass, and gazed at him with astonishment.

'The Garden of the Hesperides!' cried one. 'We thought men had been weary of seeking it. Pray, wonderful traveller, tell us what you want there.'

'A certain king, who happens to be my cousin,' replied he, 'has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples growing in that Garden.'

'Do you love your cousin so much,' observed one of the damsels, 'that you take this great risk ?'

'Perhaps not,' replied the stranger, sighing. 'He has often been severe and cruel to me. But it is my destiny to obey him.'

'And do you know,' asked the damsel who had first

spoken, 'that a terrible dragon, with a hundred heads, keeps watch under the golden apple-tree ?'

'I know it well,' answered the stranger calmly. But from my cradle upwards, it has been my business and almost my pastime, to deal with serpents and dragons.'

The young women looked at his massive club, and at the shaggy lion's skin which he wore, and likewise at his heroic limbs and figure; and thought he was fit to perform deeds far beyond the might of other men. But then, the dragon with a hundred heads ! What mortal, even if he possessed a hundred lives, could hope to escape the fangs of such a monster ! They feared that the brave and handsome traveller would surely become a meal for the dragon's hundred ravenous mouths.

So, they all cried, 'Go back home, young man. Your mother, beholding you safe and sound, will shed tears of joy. No matter for the golden apples ! No matter for the king, your cruel cousin ! Leave the terrible dragon to itself and seek your adventures elsewhere.'

Then the stranger carelessly lifted his mighty club, and let it fall upon a rock that lay half buried in the earth, near by. With the force of that idle blow, the great rock was shattered to pieces.

'Do you not believe ', said he, looking at the damsels with a smile, 'that such a blow would have crushed one of the dragon's hundred heads ?'

Then he sat down on the grass and told them the story of his life. He said *that*, while as an infant of a few months old he was lying in his cradle, two big serpents came gliding over the floor and opened their hideous jaws to devour him ; and he had gripped one in

each of his fists and strangled them to death ; *that*, when he was but a stripling, he had killed a huge lion, almost as big as the one whose vast and shaggy hide now he wore upon his shoulders ; and *that* he had fought a battle with a hydra which had nine heads and exceedingly sharp teeth in every one of them.

' But the dragon of the Hesperides,' observed one of the damsels, ' has a hundred heads ! '

' Nevertheless,' replied Hercules, ' I would rather fight two such dragons than a single Hydra. For, as fast as I cut off a head, two others grew in its place ; and besides, one of the heads could not possibly be killed. So I was forced to bury it under a stone.'

The damsels, meanwhile, prepared a repast of bread and grapes and helped the stranger to partake of them.

Hercules then told how he had chased a very swift stag for a twelve month together, and had at last caught it by the antlers and carried it home alive.

He then described how he had fought with a very odd race of people, half horse and half man, and had put them all to death. He took credit also for having cleaned out a stable, turning the channel of a river through the stable-door for the purpose. He then told many other adventures of his and spoke of his conquest of Hippolyta, the warlike queen of the Amazons.

Hercules finished the story of his adventures and looked around at the attentive faces of the maidens.

' Perhaps you have heard of me before,' said he modestly. ' My name is Hercules ! '

' We had already guessed it,' replied the maidens ; ' for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. We do not think it strange any longer that you should set out in quest of the golden apples.'

Then they flung beautiful wreaths of flowers over his stately head and mighty shoulders and joined hands and danced around him, singing choral songs in his honour.

Hercules was delighted.

'Dear maidens,' said he, 'now that you know me, will you not tell me how I can get to the garden of the Hesperides ?'

They begged him to stay with themselves for some time and repose after having spent a toilsome life.

Hercules shook his head and said :

'I must depart immediately.' Then the damsels said : 'If you must leave, then listen. You will have to go to the sea-shore, and find out the Old Man of the Sea, and force him to tell you where the golden apples are to be found.'

'The old man !' repeated Hercules. 'And, pray, who may the old one be ?'

'Why, the Old man of the Sea, to be sure !' answered one of the damsels. 'You must talk with this old man of the sea. He knows all about the garden of the Hesperides ; for it is situated in an island which he is often in the habit of visiting.'

Hercules then asked the damsels where the old man could be seen and got the information. He then thanked them for all their kindness—for the bread and grapes with which they had fed him, the lovely flowers with which they had crowned him, and the sweet songs they had sung. He thanked them, most of all, for telling him the right way—and immediately set forth upon his journey.

But, before he was out of hearing, one of the maidens called after him.

'Keep fast hold of the Old One, when you catch him,' cried she smiling. 'Do not be astonished at anything that may happen. Only hold him fast, and he'll tell you what you wish to know.'

Hercules again thanked her, and went his way. He travelled constantly onward, over hill and dale, and through the solitary woods. Hastening forward, without ever pausing or looking behind, he by and by heard the sea roaring at a distance. At this sound, he increased his speed and soon came to a beach. At one end of it, there was a pleasant spot, overgrown with verdant grass, largely intermixed with sweet-smelling clover. And there Hercules saw an old man fast asleep.

Yes ; it was the self same Old Man of the Sea, about whom the hospitable maidens had talked to him. Thanking his stars for the lucky accident of finding the old fellow asleep, Hercules stole on towards him and caught him by the arm, tip-toe and leg.

'Tell me,' cried he, 'which is the way to the garden of the Hesperides.'

The Old Man awoke in a fright. But his astonishment could hardly have been greater than was that of Hercules the next moment. For all of a sudden, the Old One seemed to disappear, and Hercules found himself holding a stag by the fore and hind leg. But still he kept fast hold. Then the stag disappeared and in its place was a sea-bird, fluttering and screaming, which Hercules clutched by the wing and claw. Presently, the bird changed into an ugly three-headed dog, which growled and barked at Hercules, and snapped fiercely at the hands by which he held him. But Hercules would not let him go. In another minute, the dog became changed into Geryon, the six-legged man-

monster, kicking at Hercules with five of his legs, to get the remaining one at liberty. But Hercules held on. By and by, instead of Geryon, there lay before Hercules a huge snake. It twisted and twined about his neck and body, and threw its tail high in the air, and opened its deadly jaws as if to devour him outright. But Hercules squeezed it so tightly that it began to hiss with pain. If Hercules had relaxed his grasp, the Old One who had the power of assuming any shape he pleased would certainly have plunged down to the very bottom of the sea.

But, as Hercules held on very stubbornly and only squeezed the Old One so much the tighter at every change of shape, and put him to no small torture, he finally thought it best to re-appear in his own figure. So there was again, a fishy, scaly, web-footed sort of person, with something like a tuft of sea-weed at his chin.

'Pray, what do you want with me?' cried the Old One, as soon as he could take breath. 'Why do you squeeze me so hard? Pray, let me go this moment.'

'My name is Hercules!' roared the mighty hero. 'And you will never get out of my clutches until you tell me the nearest way to the Garden of the Hesperides!'

When the old fellow heard who it was that caught him, he said that it would be necessary to tell him everything he asked. So he told him how to find the garden, and likewise warned him of many difficulties which must be overcome, before he could arrive thither,

'You must go on, thus and thus,' said the Old Man of the Sea, after taking the points of the compass, 'till you come in sight of a very tall giant, who holds the sky on his shoulders. And the giant, if he happens to

be in the humour, will tell you exactly where the garden lies.'

Thanking the Old Man of the Sea, and begging his pardon for having squeezed him so roughly, Hercules resumed his journey, and met with a great many strange adventures on the way.

It was in this journey, that he met a prodigious giant who, every time he touched the earth, became ten times as strong as ever he had been before. His name was Antæus. As often as he got a blow and fell down, he started up again stronger, fiercer, and abler to use his weapons, than if his enemy had let him alone. Thus, the harder Hercules pounded the giant with his club, the further he seemed from winning the victory. The only way in which Hercules found it possible to finish the battle was by lifting Antæus off his feet into the air and squeezing him, until finally the strength was quite squeezed out of his enormous body.

When this affair was finished, Hercules continued his travels and arrived at last on the shore of the great ocean.

The journey seemed to be at an end. Nothing was before Hercules, save the foaming, dashing, measureless ocean. But, suddenly, Hercules discovered that an immense cup, made either of gold or burnished brass, was drawing nearer and nearer towards him; until, at last, it grazed against the shore within a short distance of the spot where Hercules was standing. He at once knew how to conduct himself now. He clambered over the brim, and slid down on the inside. Then he spread out his lion's skin and reposed on it. The waves dashed with a pleasant sound against the cup and Hercules speedily fell into an agreeable slumber.

An hour or so passed, and Hercules awoke from sleep and gazed around him. He was not long in discovering that the cup was approaching the shore of what seemed to be an island. And on that island he saw a vast giant, more marvellous than the hydra with nine heads, which kept growing twice as fast as they were cut off; greater than the six-legged man-monster; greater than Antæus; greater than anything that was ever beheld by anybody, before or since the days of Hercules.

Such an intolerably big giant! He was as tall as a mountain. The very clouds rested about his midst like a girdle. And he held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which was resting upon his head.

Meanwhile the bright cup continued to float onward, and finally touched the strand. Hercules beheld the giant with all his enormous features and wondered.

It so happened that, by chance, the giant looked down and perceiving Hercules, roared out in a voice that sounded like thunder:

'Who are you, down at my feet there? and whence do you come?'

'I am Hercules!' thundered back the hero, in a voice quite as loud as the giant's own. 'And I am seeking for the Garden of the Hesperides!'

'Ho! ho! ho!' roared the giant, in a fit of laughter. 'That is a wise adventure, truly.'

'And why not?' cried Hercules getting a little angry at the giant's mirth. 'Do you think I am afraid of the dragon with a hundred heads? To be sure, not. Pray, tell me who you are.'

The giant laughed loud to see that there was a person on earth who did not know him.

And then he said: 'I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! See how I hold the sky upon my head!'

'So I see', answered Hercules. 'But can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?'

'What do you want there?' asked the giant.

'I want three of the golden apples,' shouted Hercules, 'for my cousin, the king.'

'There is nobody but myself', said Atlas, 'that can go to Hesperides and gather the golden apples. But somebody must hold up the sky for me. You seem to be a fellow of some strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders, while I do your errand for you?'

'Is the sky very heavy?' Hercules inquired.

'It is not particularly so, at first,' answered the giant. 'But it gets to be a little burthensome after a thousand years!'

'And how long a time,' asked the hero, 'will it take you to get the golden apples?'

'Oh, that will be done in a few moments,' cried Atlas. 'I shall be at the garden and back again before your shoulders begin to ache.'

Hercules agreed and, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas and placed upon those of Hercules.

The giant was delighted at the relief. He began to caper, and leap, and dance, for joy at his freedom. Then he laughed with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains, far and near.

Then Atlas stepped into the sea and took long strides. And when he was immersed nearly to his waist, it was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant, as he still went onward, till at last the huge shape faded entirely out of view.

Ten minutes passed and the weight of the sky began already to be irksome to Hercules, and he really pitied the giant.

A few more minutes passed by; and, to his unspeakable joy, Hercules saw the huge shape of the giant coming towards him, holding three golden apples in his hand.

'I am glad to see you again,' shouted Hercules, when the giant was within hearing. 'So you have got the golden apples ?'

'Certainly, certainly', answered Atlas; 'and very fair apples they are. Ah ! it is a beautiful spot, that garden of the Hesperides. Yes ; and the dragon with a hundred heads is a sight worth any man seeing.'

'I heartily thank you for your trouble,' said Hercules. 'And now as I have to go a long way, will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again ?'

'Why, as to that,' observed the giant, 'I consider you a little unreasonable. I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky just now, but shall carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could.'

Here Hercules grew impatient. 'What !' he shouted very wrathfully, 'do you intend to make me bear this burden for ever ?'

'We will see about that, one of these days,' answered the giant. 'You are certainly a very strong man and this is a good opportunity to prove it. Posterity will talk of you, I assure you !'

'Pish! a fig for its talk!' cried Hercules. 'Just take the sky upon your head one instant. I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin for the weight to rest upon.'

'That's quite fair, and I'll do it,' answered the giant; for he had no unkind feeling towards Hercules, and was merely acting to ease himself for some time. 'For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky.'

So Atlas threw down the golden apples, and received back the sky upon his own head and shoulders. Hercules at once picked up the apples, and straightway set out on his journey homeward.

The giant cried out in thundering tones and called on Hercules to come back. But Hercules heeded him not.

And there stands the giant to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, bearing his name.

—From NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S
TANGLEWOOD TALES

X

THE DEATH OF ABHIMANYU

(Incident from the Mahabharata)

It was the first day of Drona's command, and the eleventh of the great Mahabharata War. To start with, Drona promised Duryodhana that he would take Yudhisthira, chief of the Pandus, prisoner and place him in his power. This, however, he was not able to effect, since Krishna and Arjuna had heard of the

pledge and were ever on the alert to save Yudhisthira. It was a great disappointment to Duryodhana.

Then, Susarman, Raja of Trigarta, and an ally of Duryodhana, proposed that he and his four brothers should send a challenge to Arjuna the next day to fight at a place far away from where the chief of the Pandavas was. He was sure that Arjuna would accept the challenge, regardless of the superior numbers of the Trigartas. While Arjuna was thus occupied, he said, it might be an easy matter for Drona to take Yudhisthira prisoner.

So Susarman sent a challenge to Arjuna calling on him to come out and fight with him the next day, the twelfth day of the War. And Arjuna replied: 'I have never refused to accept a challenge in my life. It is immaterial to me where we fight. And as for your boast that you have superior numbers on your side, it is the last thing that will shake my resolution.' In these terms, the challenge was accepted without a moment's delay.

The next day dawned calm and bright, and the hostile armies met in battle-array at the place proposed by Susarman. Arjuna, like the respectful younger brother that he was, paid his respects to Yudhisthira, and sought and obtained his permission to fight with the King of Trigarta. He then repaired to the appointed place and finding his brothers already there, sounded his shell and gave the signal to commence fighting.

The battle began and, notwithstanding the strength and valour of Trigarta's king and his men, and their manly fight, Arjuna found it easy to vanquish them and drive them away from the field in great disorder and confusion.

In the meantime, Drona availed himself of the occasion and advanced towards Yudhisthira ; but the latter, guessing the object of Drona, mounted a fine horse and, spurring it on, galloped far out of sight. He knew it was never regarded a disgrace for a Kshatriya to fly away from a Brahmin. So the second day of Drona's command also passed and as yet he had not fulfilled his pledge.

It was the third day. Susarman and his brothers sent a challenge again to Arjuna to fight in the southern quarter of the battle-field, and he again accepted it. Drona was a skilful tactician and he drew up his men in the form of a spider's web, so that if a Pandava charged and got within his lines, he should be thickly surrounded by warriors and rendered unable to make his escape.

The Pandavas saw Drona's arrangement with wonder and regretted the absence of Arjuna who alone could draw up their army in the same clever manner. They, however, marshalled themselves as best as they could, placing Bhima in their van, and the other captains in different suitable situations. Then Yudhisthira said to his men : 'It is indeed a pity that Arjuna and Krishna are not with us here. We must do the best we can, lest they say that without Arjuna and Krishna, we are nowhere before the Kauravas.'

Among the Pandavas was a handsome young prince named Abhimanyu. He was barely sixteen years old. He was the worthy son of his worthy father, Arjuna ; as valiant as any other hero, tactful and fearless. Yudhisthira turned to him and said : 'I am sure you will acquit yourself as well as your father. The lion's cub has the valour, strength, and the grit of the lion itself.'

So do you charge the enemy and break their spider's web. I feel sure you can do it.'

Then Abhimanyu profoundly made his obeisance to his uncle, and ordered his charioteer to drive on. He entered the ranks of the enemy fearlessly and challenged the hostile leaders to battle. He fought manfully and cut down every one who stood before him. He slashed the enemy on his right and on his left, and no man, however brave, could escape him. But he was gradually becoming hemmed in. The Pandavas saw this and were distressed. They made every possible effort to deliver him from his perilous situation. But Jayadratha would not allow this. He skilfully threw himself between the young prince and the other Pandavas. Duryodhana, Duhsasana, and four other Kaurava warriors got round Abhimanyu, resolved to put him to death; but alone he kept his ground for a long while. At last, the prince's foot slipped, and just as he was rising and recovering himself, Duhsasana struck him on his head with his mace, and dashed out his brains. Abhimanyu's life passed away the same moment. Young and tender for a warrior, remarkably handsome, possessed of a countenance in which valour and frankness beamed forth, ever dutiful to his elders, the prince left the world with a halo of glory encircling him. All who saw him in death shed bitter tears that such a sweet blossom withered away so early.

The news of Abhimanyu's death spread like wild fire. Yudhisthira heard of it and was thunder-struck. It was however no time for grieving, and the great Pandava rushed to the spot where the child-hero lay on the earth covered with wounds. The sight overwhelmed him with distress and he could not help weeping and wailing and

casting dust upon his head. And he remembered that he himself was the cause of the youth's death ; for, was it not by his command that Abhimanyu went upon this service, to break the spider's web ? What every one bitterly condemned was that, against all rules of knightly conduct, six grown-up Kaurava chiefs, in the most cowardly manner, fell upon a stripling, surrounded him, and shed the hero's life-blood. If he had, on any one side, been protected, he would have been safe and would have cried out : ' Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.'

Arjuna had fought against Susarman, thoroughly routed him, and was returning with flying colours. But he saw many evil omens on the way and spoke of them to Krishna. Anxiously he returned to his quarters and heard of his dear child's death, how he had been beset by six giant Kauravas, how the wicked Jayadratha blocked up the way and prevented help coming to him, and how the noble boy-hero fell crowned with the utmost glory. Then brave and noble Arjuna was plunged in great grief, and nothing on earth could soothe him. He swooned away for some time ; and when he recovered himself, he solemnly vowed that he would take the life of Jayadratha before the sun set the next day. He would slay the wicked Jayadratha, or else enter the funeral pyre himself.

Arjuna was inconsolable. He was immersed in grief and the world was naught to him. He saw not and heard not. Deep sorrow, and burning rage wrung his noble face. None would dare to approach him. His distress was too great to be softened by words of comfort.

Then did Krishna, the ever calm and helpful

Krishna, approach Arjuna and speak to him in his musical voice thus :

'Arjuna dear, it is idle to grieve. Your mission on earth cannot admit of it. It is true that dear Abhimanyu has fled to the land from whose bourn no traveller returns. But the child has perished so gloriously that his fame will endure for ever, and, as poets would say, his memory would live as long as earth stands and the sun, moon, and stars shine on it. Children are given us by the great Lord, and He can take them back at His pleasure. Arise, Arjuna, do all that your destiny calls on you to do and then go the way that Abhimanyu has gone.'

Arjuna was in some degree consoled. But there was Subhadra who was sunk in even greater grief than Arjuna,—the consort of Arjuna, the pitiful mother of Abhimanyu and sister of Krishna. Krishna went to her and spoke gently. 'Sister, you are no common woman. Your birth is great, you married one of the most noble of men, and gave birth to a child beyond all praise. This very day, on the battle-field, he won glories such as celestials could be proud of. Happy indeed you are, whose son has met with so bright a destiny ! Take heart, and comfort Arjuna, since he needs comfort.'

More grieved than either Arjuna or Subhadra was the tender wife of Prince Abhimanyu. She was the daughter of King Virata; and for the first time in her life, she felt grief and it was so over-powering. It must, indeed, be idle to attempt to console her; for the loss of her husband meant that the whole of her future life was going to be a gloomy void for her. And what was even more distressing was that the dear

girl was about to become herself a mother. Krishna went to her and whispered some words into her ear and made her calm and reconciled.

—THE EDITOR

XI

ARTHUR'S FIRST DAYS AT RUGBY

On the evening of the first day of the new term, Tom, East, and another School-house boy, rushed into the matron's room in high spirits, such as all real boys are in when they first get back, however fond they may be of home.

'Well, Mrs. Wixie,' shouted one, seizing on the active little dark-eyed woman, who was busy stowing away the linen of the boys who had already arrived into their several pigeon-holes; 'here we are again, you see, as jolly as ever. Let us help you put the things away.'

'And Mary,' cried another (she was called indifferently by either name), 'Who's come back? Has the Doctor made old Jones leave? How many new boys are there?'

'Am I and East to have Gray's study? You know you promised to get it for us if you could,' shouted Tom.

'Am I to sleep in number 4?' roared East.

'How's old Sam, and Bogle, and Sally?'

'Bless the boys!' cries Mary, at last getting in a word, 'why you'll shake me to death. There, now, do go away up to the house-keeper's room and get your suppers; you know I haven't time to talk. Now Master

East, do let those things alone—you're mixing up three new boys' things.' And she rushed at East, who went out holding up a pretty little night cap, beautifully made and marked; and snatched the cap from him, before he could look at the name on it.

'Now, Master East, I shall be very angry if you don't go,' said she; I won't have you old boys in my room first night.'

'Come along, Tommy; come along, Smith. Mary's always vicious first week.'

As the boys turned to leave the room, the matron touched Tom's arm, and said, 'Master Brown, please stop a minute, I want to speak to you.'

'Very well, Mary. I'll come in a minute, East; don't finish the pickles—'

'Oh, Master Brown,' went on the little matron, when the rest had gone, 'you're to have Gray's study, Mrs. Arnold says. And she wants you to take in this young gentleman. He's a new boy and thirteen years old, though he don't look it. He's very delicate, and has never been from home before. And I told Mrs. Arnold I thought you'd be kind to him, and see that they don't bully him at first. He's put into your form, and I've given him the bed next to yours in Number 4; so East can't sleep there this half.'

Tom looked across the room, and in the far corner of the sofa was aware of a slight pale boy, with large blue eyes and light fair hair, who seemed ready to shrink through the floor. He saw at a glance that the little stranger was just the boy whose first half-year at a public school would be misery to himself if he were left alone, or constant anxiety to any one who meant to see him through his troubles.

The matron watched him for a moment, and saw what was passing in his mind, and so, like a wise negotiator, threw in an appeal to his warm heart. "Poor little fellow," said she in almost a whisper, "his father's dead, and he's got no brothers. And his mamma, such a kind sweet lady, almost broke her heart at leaving him this morning; and she said one of his sisters was like to die of decline, and so—"

"Well, well," burst in Tom, with something like a sigh at the effort, "I suppose I must give up East. Come along, young un. What's your name? We'll go and have some supper, and then I'll show you our study."

"His name's George Arthur," said the matron, walking up to him with Tom, who grasped his little delicate hand as the proper preliminary to making a chum of him, and felt as if he could have blown him away. "I have had his books and things put into the study, which his mamma has had new papered, and the sofa covered, and new green baize curtains over the door" (the diplomatic matron threw this in, to show that the new boy was contributing largely to the partnership comforts). "And Mrs. Arnold told me to say," she added, "that she should like you both to come up to tea with her. You know the way, Master Brown, and the things are just gone up I know."

Here was an announcement for Master Tom! He was to go up to tea the first night, just as he were a sixth or fifth form boy, and of importance in the school world, instead of the most reckless young scapegrace amongst the fags. He felt himself lifted on to a higher moral and social platform at once. Nevertheless, he couldn't give up without a sigh the idea of the jolly

supper in the housekeeper's room—with East and the rest, and a rush round to all the studies of his friends afterwards, to pour out the deeds and wonders of the holidays, to plot fifty plans for the coming half-year, and to gather news of who had left, and what new boys had come, who had got who's study, and where the new *præpostors* slept. However, Tom consoled himself with thinking that he couldn't have done all this with the new boy at his heels, and so marched off along the passages to the Doctor's private house with his young charge in tow, in monstrous good humour with himself and all the world.

It is needless and would be impertinent to tell, how the two young boys were received in that drawing room. The lady who presided there is still living, and has carried with her to her peaceful home in the North the respect and love of all those who ever felt and shared that gentle and high-bred hospitality. Aye, many is the brave heart now doing its work and bearing its load in country curacies, London chambers, under the Indian sun, and in Australian towns and clearings, which looks back with fond and grateful memory to that School-house drawing-room, and dates much of its highest and best training to the lessons learnt there.

Besides Mrs. Arnold and one or two of the elder children, there were one of the younger masters, young Brooke, who was now in the sixth, and had succeeded to his brother's position and influence, and another sixth-form boy there, talking together before the fire. The master and young Brooke, now a great strapping fellow six feet high, eighteen years old, and powerful as a coal-heaver, nodded kindly to Tom, to his intense glory, and then went on talking: the other did not notice

them. The hostess, after a few kind words, which led the boys at once and insensibly to feel at their ease, and to begin talking to one another, left them with her own children while she finished a letter. The young ones got on fast and well, Tom holding forth about a prodigious pony he had been riding out hunting, and hearing stories of the winter glories of the lakes, when tea came in, and immediately after the Doctor himself.

How frank, and kind, and manly, was his greeting to the party by the fire; it did Tom's heart good to see him and young Brooke shake hands, and look one another in the face; and he didn't fail to remark that Brooke was nearly as tall and quite as broad as the Doctor. And his cup was full, when in another moment his master turned to him with another warm shake of the hand, and, seeming oblivious of all the late scrapes which he had been getting into, said, "Ah, Brown, you here! I hope you left your father and all well at home?"

"Yes, sir, quite well."

"And this is the little fellow who is to share your study. Well, he doesn't look as we should like to see him. He wants some Rugby air and cricket. And you must take him some good long walks to Bilton Grange and Caldecott's Spinney, and show him what a little pretty country we have about here."

The tea went merrily off, the Doctor now talking of holiday doings, and then of the prospects of the half-year, what chance there was for the Balliol scholarship, whether the eleven would be a good one. Everybody was at his ease, and everybody felt that he, young as he might be, was of some use in the little School world, and had a work to do there.

Soon after tea the Doctor went off to his study; and

the young boys a few minutes afterwards took their leave, and went out of the private door which led from the Doctor's house into the middle passage.

At the fire, at the further end of the passage, was a crowd of boys in loud talk and laughter. There was a sudden pause when the door opened; and then a great shout of greeting, as Tom was recognized marching down the passage.

"Hullo, Brown, where do you come from?"

"Oh, I've been to tea with the Doctor," says Tom, with great dignity.

"My eye!" cried East. "Oh! so, that's why Mary called you back, and you didn't come to supper."

"I say, young fellow," cried Hall, detecting Arthur and catching him by the collar, "what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you?"

. Tom saw Arthur shrink back, and look scared as all the group turned to him, but thought it best to let him answer, just standing by his side to support in case of need.

"Arthur, sir. I come from Devonshire."

"Don't call me 'sir,' you young muff. How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Can you sing?"

The poor boy was trembling and hesitating. Tom stuck in—"You be hanged, Tadpole. He'll have to sing, whether he can or not, Saturday twelve weeks, and that's long enough off yet."

"Do you know him at home, Brown?"

"No; but he's my chum in Gray's old study, and it's near prayer time, and I haven't had a look at it yet. Come along Arthur."

Away went the two, Tom longing to get his charge safe under cover, where he might advise him on his deportment.

Tom lighted his candle and surveyd the new green baize curtains, and the carpet and sofa, with much satisfaction.

"I say, Arthur, what a brick your mother is to make us so cosy. But look here now, you must answer straight up when the fellows speak to you, and don't be afraid. If you're afraid, you'll get bullied. And don't you say you can sing; and don't you ever talk about home, or your mother and sisters."

Poor little Arthur looked ready to cry.

"But please," said he, "mayn't I talk about—about home to you?"

"Oh, yes, I like it. But don't talk to boys you don't know, or they'll call you home-sick, or mamma's darling, or some such stuff. What a jolly desk! is that yours? And what stunning binding! why, your school-books look like novels."

And Tom was soon deep in Arthur's goods and chattels, all new and good enough for a fifth-form boy, and hardly thought of his friends outside till the prayer-bell rung.

The school-house prayers were the same on the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys who stood all together at the further table—of all sorts and sizes.

Tom led little Arthur upstairs to Number 4, directly after prayers, and showed him his bed. It was a huge high airy room, with two large windows looking on to the School close. There were twelve beds in the room.

The one on the furthest corner by the fireplace, was occupied by the sixth-form boy who was responsible for the discipline of the room ; and the rest by boys in the lower-fifth, and other junior forms, all fags (for the fifth-form boys, as has been said, slept in rooms by themselves). Being fags, the eldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old, and were all bound to be up and in bed by ten ; the sixth-form boys came to bed from ten to a quarter-past (at which time the old verger came round to put the candles out), except when they sat up to read.

Within a few minutes therefore of their entry, all the other boys who slept in Number 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers ; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket oft ; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands ? "

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring ; "that's your wash-hand-stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washhand-stand, and began his ablutions,

thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round, more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy ; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for ?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling ; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the

old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting the door with his usual "Good-night, genl'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; and before he died, in the School-house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came, Tom did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers in fear, lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed: two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great School with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

Tom Brown had taken a fancy to say his prayers. Some of the small boys of Number 4 communicated the new state of things to their chums, and in several other rooms the poor little fellows tried it on. And before either Tom Brown or Arthur left the School-house, there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old state of things has gone out for ever.

—*From TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS*

POETRY

I

LOVE OF ONE'S COUNTRY

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

5

From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung, 15
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

II

THE VILLAGE MASTER

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the
way,
With blossom'd furzè unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;

A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ; 10
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
 Yet he was kind ; or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue
 still ; 20
 While words of learned length and thund'ring
 sound
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

—From Goldsmith's

DESERTED VILLAGE

III

THE WARRIOR'S VANITY

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.
 A frame cf adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;

O'er love, o'er fire, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r's combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign : 10
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain ;
'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought
remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state.
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay :—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day ! 20
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate,
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ; 30
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

—From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*
by DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

IV

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

The King was on his throne,
 The Satraps throng'd the hall :
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deemed divine—
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine !

In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand :
 The fingers of a man ;—
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.

10

The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice ;
 All bloodless wax'd his look,
 And tremulous his voice.
 “ Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which mar our royal mirth.”

20

Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill ;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.

And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore ;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view ;
 He read it on that night,—
 The morrow proved it true.

40

" Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom pass'd away,
 He, in the balance weigh'd,
 Is light and worthless clay ;
 The shroud his robe of state,
 His canopy the stone ;
 The Mede is at his gate !
 The Persian on his throne ! "

---LORD BYRON

V

THE GLORIOUS WARRIOR

(FROM *The Mahabharata*)

To whom is glory justly due ?
 To those who pride and hate subdue ;
 Who, 'mid the joys that lure the sense,
 Lead lives of holy abstinence ;
 Who, when reviled, their tongues restrain,

And, injured, injure not again ;
 Who ask of none, but freely give
 Most liberal to all that live ;
 Who toil unresting through the day,
 Their parents' joy and hope and stay ; 10
 Who welcome to their homes the guest,
 And banish envy from their breast ;
 With reverent study love to pore
 On precepts of our sacred lore ;
 Who work not, speak not, think not sin,
 In body pure, and pure within ;
 Whom avarice can ne'er mislead
 To guilty thought or sinful deed ;
 Those hero-souls cast fear away
 When battling in a rightful fray ; 20
 Who speak the truth with dying breath
 Undaunted by approaching death,
 Their lives illumined with beacon light
 To guide their brothers' steps aright ;
 Who loving all, to all endeared,
 Fearless of all, by none are feared ;
 To whom the world with all therein,
 Dear as themselves, is more than kin ;
 Who yield to others, wisely meek,
 The honours which they scorn to seek ; 30
 Who toil that rage and hate may cease,
 And lure embittered foes to peace ;
 Who serve their God, the laws obey,
 And earnest, faithful, work and pray ;
 To these, the bounteous, pure, and true,
 Is highest glory justly due.

—Translated by R. T. H. GRIFFITH

VI

KING ARTHUR'S DYING SPEECH

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
“ The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice

10

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend ?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)

20

To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawn
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

—*From TENNYSON'S Morte D'Arthur*

VII

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
 Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry ! "

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water ? "
 " O ! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together ;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride—
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover ? "

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 " I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady :

" And by my word ! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry ;
 So though the waves are raging white
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;

10

20

And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

40

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chieftain,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

50

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL

VIII

AND SHALL TRELAWNEY DIE?

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !

A merry heart and true !

King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?

And shall Trelawney die ?

Then twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,

A merry wight was he :

10

"If London Tower were Michael's Hold,
 We'll set Trelawney free !

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,

The Severn is no stay,

With 'one and all,' and hand in hand,

And who shall bid us nay ?

"And when we come to London Wall,

A pleasant sight to view,

Come forth ! come forth ! ye cowards all,

Here's men as good as you !

· 20

"Trelawney, he's in keep and hold,
 Trelawney, he may die ;
 But twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why!"

—*Robert Stephen Hawker*

IX ROSABELLE

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughtyfeat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Revensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edg'd with white :
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ; 10
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Revensheuch :
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?'

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall. 20

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If't is not fill'd by Rossabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
 'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glar'd on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ; 30
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail. 40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blaz'd every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell ; 50
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung.
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

—Sir Walter Scott

X

IN MEMORIAM: CAPTAIN SCOTT, R. N.,

And his gallant comrades who reached the South Pole in January, 1912, and died on their homeward way.

(Reprinted by the kind permission of the Editor and the Proprietors of "PUNCH")

Not for the fame that crowns a gallant deed
 They fixed their fearless eyes on that far goal,
 Steadfast of purpose, resolute at need
 To give their lives for toll ; 4

But in the service of their kind they fared,
 To probe the secrets which the jealous Earth
 Yields only as the prize of perils dared,
 The wage of proven worth. 8

So on their record, writ for all to know—
 The task achieved, the homeward way half won—

Though cold they lie beneath their pall of snow,
 Shines the eternal sun. 12

O hearts of metal pure as finest gold !
 O great example, where our sons may trace,
 Too proud for tears, their birthright from of old,
 Heirs of the Island Race ! 16

—OWEN SEAMAN

XI

RAMA'S NOBLE CONDUCT

[Kaikeyi, Rama's step-mother, told him that it was his father King Dasaratha's wish and command, that he (Rama) should leave Ayodhya at once and dwell in the forest for fourteen years.]

Rama Replies :

'Yea for my father's promise sake,
 I to the wood my way will take,
 And dwell a lonely exile there,
 In hermit dress and matted hair.
 One thing alone I fain would learn,
 Why is the King this day so stern ?
 Why is the scourge of foes so cold,
 Nor gives me greeting as of old ?
 Now let not anger flush thy cheek ;
 Before thy face the truth I speak :
 In hermit's coat, with matted hair,
 To the wild wood will I repair.
 How can I fail his will to do,
 Friend, master, grateful sovereign, too ?
 But tell me, O, I pray thee, why
 The lord of men, with downcast eye,
 Lies prostrate thus, and one by one
 Down his pale cheek the tear-drops run.
 Let courtiers to thy father speed
 On horses of the swiftest breed,
 And, by the mandate of the King,
 Thy Bharat to his presence bring.
 My father's words I will not stay
 To question, but this very day

10

20

To Dandak's pathless wild will fare,
For twice seven years an exile there.'

Dasaratha heard what Rama said :

In speechless woe the father heard,
Wept with loud cries, but spoke no word.
Then Rama touched his senseless feet,
And hers, for honour most unmeet; 30
Round both his circling steps he bent,
Then from the bower the hero went.

* . * *

Now to the exile's lot resigned,
He left the rule of earth behind,—
As though all worldly cares he spurned,
No trouble was in him discerned.
He ruled his senses, nor betrayed
The grief that on his bosom weighed,
And thus his mother's chamber sought
To tell the mournful news he brought. 40
Nor could the gay-clad people there,
Who flocked round Rama true and fair,
One sign of altered fortune trace
Upon the splendid hero's face.
With his sweet voice the hero spoke
Saluting all the gathered folk ;
Then righteous-souled and great in fame
Close to his mother's house he came.
Lakshman the brave, his brother's peer
In princely virtues, followed near, 50
Sore troubled, but resolved to show
No token of his secret woe.
Thus to the palace Rama went,
Where all were gay with hope and joy ;

But well he knew the dire event
 That hope would mar, that bliss destroy.
 So to his grief he would not yield,
 Lest the sad change their hearts might rend,
 And, the dread tidings unrevealed,
 Spared from the blow each faithful friend. 60

—R. T. H. Griffith

XII

THE CHIEF OF POKURNA

Within the merry greenwood,
 At dawning of the day,
 Four-and-twenty armed men
 In silent ambush lay.
 They wait like couchant leopards,
 Their eager eyes they strain,
 And look towards the lonely glade,
 Towards the distant plain.
 Naught see they but the golden corn
 Slow-waving in the sun, 10
 Naught see they but the misty hills
 And uplands bare and dun.
 The rustle of the forest leaves,
 The trampling of the deer,
 The chirp of birds upon the boughs,
 Are all the sounds they hear.

But hark! they catch the thrilling notes
 Of a distant bugle horn
 Come pealing through the wild ravine,
 By the morning breezes borne : 20

Lower they stopped, and anxiously
 Their laboured breath they drew,
 And clutched their brands with nervous hands—
 Their quarry is in view.

Attended by a single squire.
 Slow riding up the glen,
 Unconscious that his path's beset
 By armed and desperate men,
 A brave gerfalcon on his wrist,
 The bugle on his breast, 30
 The sunlight gleaming brightly on
 His nodding plume and crest;
 Not clad in steel, from head to heel
 In satin rich arrayed,
 With his trusty sword, Pokurna's lord
 Is riding through the glade.

To see his falcon proudly soar
 And strike, he comes so far;
 In peaceful guise he rideth on,
 Nor dreams of blood or war. 40

All sudden from their ambush
 The treacherous foemen rose,
 With vengeful eyes and glittering arms,
 With spears and bended bows:
 And ere the chief could draw his blade,
 They hemmed him darkly round,
 And plucked him from his frightened steed,
 And bore him to the ground.

The king sat on a gorgeous throne,
 All rough with ruddy gold, 50

Begirt with many a haughty peer,
 And warriors stern and bold ;
 With many a vassal-prince around,
 For they had come from far,
 To pay their homage to their lord,
 The sovereign of Marwar.

With fetters on his manly hands,
 Within that hostile ring,
 With dauntless look the chief appeared
 Before his angry king.
 For he had often vaunted thus,
 In public and alone,
 'Within my dagger's sheath I hold
 This kingdom's royal throne.'

60

Before his angry king he stood,
 The king he had defied,
 Nor quailed he 'neath that princely glance
 Nor vailed his brow of pride ;
 Though bent on him were fiery eyes,
 And looks of rage and hate,
 He stood as calm as if he were
 Within his castle gate.

70

The monarch spoke, his words rang out
 In accents stern and clear :
 Ha ! traitor, insolent and keen,
 At last we have thee here ;
 Where now are all thy boastings vain,
 Amidst thy men of war ?
 Say, where is now the sheath which holds
 The fortunes of Marwar ? '

80

Oh ! grimly turned Pokurna's lord,
 And loud and long laughed he ;
 Then waved his hand towards the prince
 And answered loftily :
 ' I left it with my gallant son,
 Within Pokurna's hall ;
 Tremble, false prince, for sure he will
 Avenge his father's fall ! '

—OMESH CHUNDER DUTT

XIII

OUR CASUARINA TREE

(Reprinted by kind permission of the copyright-holders, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London.)

LIKE a huge Python, winding round and round
 The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars
 Up to its very summit near the stars,
 A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound,
 No other tree could live. But gallantly
 The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
 In crimson clusters all the boughs among ;
 Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee ;
 And oft at nights the garden overflows
 With one sweet song that seems to have no close, 10
 Sung darkling from our Tree, while men repose.

When first my casement is wide open thrown
 At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest ;
 Sometimes, and most in winter,—on its crest

A gray baboon sits statue-like alone

Watching the sunrise ; while on lower boughs
The puny offspring leap about and play ;
And far and near kokilas hail the day ;

And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows ;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast 20
By that hoar Tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

But not because of its magnificence,

Dear is the Casuarina to my soul :

Beneath it we have played ; though years may roll,
O sweet companions, loved with love intense,

For your sakes shall the Tree be ever dear !

Blent with your images, it shall arise

In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes !

What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear 30
Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach ?
It is the Tree's lament, an eerie speech,
That haply to the unknown land may reach.

Unknown, yet well-known to the eye of faith !

Ah, I have heard that wail, far far away

In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
When slumberd in his cave the water-wraith

And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,

When earth lay tranced in a dreamless swoon : 40

And every time the music rose,—before
Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,
Thy form, O Tree, as in my happy prime
I saw thee, in my own loved native clime.

Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay

Unto thy honour, Tree, beloved of those

Who now in blessed sleep, for aye, repose.

Dearer than life to me, alas ! were they !

Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
With deathless trees—like those in Borrowdale, 50·
Under whose awful branches lingered pale .

‘ Fear, trembling Hope, and Death, the skeleton,
And Time, the shadow’; and though weak the verse
That would thy beauty fain, oh fain rehearse,
May Love defend thee from Oblivion’s curse !

—TORU DUTT

XIV

THE DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay ; 10
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

20

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

XV

SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed ;
 The mass-priest knelt at the side,
 I and his mother stood at the head,
 Over his feet lay the bride ;
 We were quite sure he was dead,
 Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
 He did not die in the day,
 But in the morning twilight
 His spirit pass'd away,
 When neither sun nor moon was bright,
 And the trees were merely grey.

10

He was not slain with the sword,
 Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
 Yet spoke he never a word
 After he came in 'here;
 I cut away the cord
 From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
 For the recreants came behind,

20

In a place where the hornbeams grow,
 A path right hard to find,
 For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
 That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
 When his arms were pinion'd fast.
 Sir John the knight of the Fen,
 Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
 With knights threescore and ten,
 Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

30

I am threescore and ten
 And my hair is all turn'd grey,
 But I met Sir John of the Fen
 Long ago on a summer day,
 And am glad to think of the moment when
 I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
 And my strength is mostly pass'd.
 But long ago I and my men,
 When the sky was overcast, 40
 And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the fen,
 Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
 I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
 A good knight and a true,
 And for Alice his wife, pray too.

—WILLIAM MORRIS

XVI

ON THE WAYS OF GOD

(FROM *the Persian of Ferdusi*)

All hail to His almighty name
 Who life on man bestow'd,
 And as a guide Reason's flame
 Illume his darken'd road.

Thou, Lord of life !—Thou, of space !
 From whom all light doth flow ;
 Thou, who hast deign'd from wond'rous grace
 Salvation's path to show.

Creator of the planets bright ;
 Lord of the arch divine ;
 From Thy effulgence borrowing light,
 Sun, moon, and stars, do shine.

10

Thy name, Thy shape, and Thy abode,
 To man are all unknown ;
 Betwixt frail beings and their God
 A sacred veil is thrown.

For He, who to the human eye
 A circle wide has given,
 In wisdom did it power deny
 To see the ways of Heaven.

20

To where He sits with glory crown'd
 Not through itself can stray ;
 Far, far beyond all earthly bound
 Dwells He whom all obey.

Wouldst thou with potent Reason's aid
Pierce through the great design ?
Say, can the wretch his breath has made,
His Maker's power define ?
Weak, erring man thy duty here
Is gratitude to shew ;
The Eternal's wisdom to revere,
Nor further seek to know.

30

—SIR JOHN MALCOLM

XVII

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw, 5
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ; 10
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant field's traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft, 15
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of
heart. 20

'Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn!'—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—T. CAMPBELL

xviii

YUSSOUUF

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, 'Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay
his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes, the
Good.'

'This tent is mine ;' said Yussouf, 'but no more
Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His who buildeth over these 10
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay.'

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said : 'Here is
gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grows bold.'
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand
Which shines from all self-conquest.

Kneeling low, 20
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing, 'O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!'

'Take thrice the gold,' said Yussouf; 'with thee
Into the desert, never to return, for
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in

place!' 30

XIX

When Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand,
Wilted with harem heats, and all the land
Was hovered over by those vulture ills
That snuff decaying empire from afar.

Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He, who had governed fleecy subjects well,
Made his own village by the self-same spell
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold:
Then, gathering strength by slow and wise

degrees, 10

Under his sway, to neighbour villages
Order returned, and faith and justice old.

Now when it fortuned that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brain and hands and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave and just:
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare;
And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

20

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear,
That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
Went to the filling of his private cup.

30

For proof, they said, that wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own;

But, when't was opened, all his ~~tert~~ was known
To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight ;
There, as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand, 40
A camel with the chest was seen to stand.
The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure chest!"
'Twas done ; and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found therein. Some blushed and hung the head ;
Not Dara ; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo, all the spell I had !
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad 50
Still to the unstained past kept true and Jeal ;
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain air,
And fortunes's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still ;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright
And stained the throbbing lids ; before it was night
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway. 60

—J. R. LOWELL

xx

From 'ODE ON WELLINGTON'

Nelson asks from his grave:

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping and breaking on my rest?

The Poet replies:

Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.

England's greatest soldier:

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son.
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.

10

England's greatest seaman:

Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,

20

O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all,
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!

—*From TENNYSON'S ODE ON WELLINGTON*

XXI

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

SAY NOT, the strugge naught availeth,
 The labour and wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain. 4

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field. 8

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain.
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main. 12

And not by eastern windows only,
 When day light comes, comes in the light ;
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright. 16

—A. H. CLOUGH

XXII

THE TIGER

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
 In the forest of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

4

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire ?
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

8

And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
 And, when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand and what dread feet ?

12

What the hammer ? What the chain ?
 In what furnace was thy brain ?
 What the anvil ? What dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

16

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And water'd heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile His work to see ?
 Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

20

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night.
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

24

—WILLIAM BLAKE

XXIII

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

YOU KNOW, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 'A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

8

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall."—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping : nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

16

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

24

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon,

To see your flag-bird flap his vans,
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire. 32

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes.
 " You're wounded!" " Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 " I'm killed, Sire!" And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead. 40

—ROBERT BROWNING

XXIV

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP

(*A Legend of Altenahr*)

' So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine ;
 And the water is spent and done ?
 Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine :
 I never shall drink but this one.

' And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
 And lead him me round to the door ;
 He must take such a leap to-night perforce
 As horse never took before.

' I have lived my life, I have fought my fight,
 I have drunk my share of wine ; 10
 From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
 Led a merrier life than mine.

'So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die,
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly.' 20

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door;
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine
As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
With never a bone in him whole— 30
But Heaven may yet have more mercy than men
For such a bold rider's soul.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY

XXV

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red !

Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will;

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won; 20

Exult O shores, and ring, O bells !

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN

XXVI

THE NOBLE NATURE

IT IS NOT growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

—BEN JONSON

XXVII

TO-DAY

SO HERE hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?
Out of eternity
This new day is born ;
Into eternity
At night doth return.
Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did :
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

10

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day :
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?

—THOMAS CARLYLE

XXVIII

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
 Some thousand years ago,
 Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
 Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.
 Upon an empty tortoise-shell
 He stretched some cords, and drew
 Music that bade men's bosoms swell
 Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.
 Then King Admetus, one who had
 Pure taste by right divine, 10
 Decreed his singing not too bad
 To hear between the cups of wine :
 And so, well pleased with being soothed,
 Into a sweet half-sleep,
 Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
 And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.
 His words were simple words enough,
 And yet he used them so,
 That what in other mouths was rough
 In his seemed musical and low. 20
 Men called him but a shiftless youth ;
 In whom no good they saw ;

And yet, unwittingly in truth,
 They made his careless words their law.
 They knew not how he learned at all,
 For idly hour by hour
 He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
 Or mused upon a common flower.
 It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use ; 30
 For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.
 Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But when a glance they caught
 Of his slim and woman's eyes,
 They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.
 Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
 More full of love because of him. 40
 And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother was a god.

— J. R. LOWELL

XXIX

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

“ O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering ?
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

“ O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
 So haggard and so woe-begone ?
 The squirrel’s granary is full,
 And the harvest’s done.

“ I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew, 10
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.”

“ I met a Lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a fairy’s child.
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

“ I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
 She look’d at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan. 20

“ I set her on my pacing steed
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sideways would she lean, and sing
 A fairy’s song.

“ She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild and manna dew.
 And sure in language strange she said,
 ‘ I love thee true ! ’

“ She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept, and sigh’d full sore ; 30
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

“ And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dream’d—Ah ! woe betide !
 The latest dream I ever dream’d
 On the cold hill’s side.

“ I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
 Who cried—‘ La belle Dame sans Merci
 Thee hath in thrall ! ’

40

“ I saw their starved lips in the gloam’
 With horrid warning gaped wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hill’s side.

“ And this is why I sojourn here
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither’d from the lake
 And no birds sing.”

—JOHN KEATS

XXX

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against Fate ;

Death lays his icy hand on kings :
 Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill : 10
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.
 The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds ; 20
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

—J. SHIRLEY

XXXI

HUBERT AND ARTHUR

KING JOHN. ACT IV. SCENE I. *A room in a castle.*

Enter HUBERT and Executioners

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand
 Within the arras : when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the
 deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look to't.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title 10

Arth. Too fairly Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will. 40

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your
grief?"

Or "What good love may I perform for you?"

Many a poor man's son would have lain still 50
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it; 60
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
And if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but
Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [Stamps.]

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, etc.
Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, 80
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

, Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

First Exec. . I am best pleased to be from such a
deed. [Exeunt Executioners

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None but to lose your eyes. 90

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert ;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue, 100
So I may keep mine eyes : O, spare mine eyes
Though to no use but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with
grief.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush.

Hub. W'll see to live ; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
I et am I sworn and I did purpose, boy, 110
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub *Peace; no more. Adieu.*
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

—From *Shakespeare's KING JOHN*

XXXII

FLODDEN

And why stands Scotland idly now,
 Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
 Since England gains the pass the while,
 And struggles through the deep defile?
 What checks the fiery soul of James?
 Why sits that champion of the dames
 Inactive on his steed,
 And sees, between him and his land,
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
 His host Lord Surrey lead?
 What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
 O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
 And cry 'Saint Andrew and our right!'
 Another sight had seen that morn,
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!
 The precious hour has pass'd in vain,

10

20

And England's host has gain'd the plain ;
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden hill.

' And see ascending squadrons come
 Between Tweed's river and the hill,
 Foot, horse, and cannon : hap what hap,
 My basnet to a prentice cap,

 Lord Surrey's o'er the Till !

Yet more ! yet more !—how far array'd
 They file from out the hawthorn shade,

30

 And sweep so gallant by !

With all their banners bravely spread,

 And all their armour flashing high,
 Saint George might waken from the dead,

 To see fair England's standards fly.—

' But see ! look up—on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'

 And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,

40

 Was wreath'd in sable smoke.

Volum'd and fast, and rolling far,
 The cloud envelop'd Scotland's war,

 As down the hill they broke ;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announc'd their march ; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,

 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne

50

 King James did rushing come.

Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close.
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,

With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,

And fiends in upper air.

At length the freshening western blast

Aside the shroud of battle cast;

60

And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.

Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see:

Wide rag'd the battle on the plain;

70

Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,

Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high

They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:

And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight:

Although against them come,

80

Of gallant Gordons many a one,

And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,

With Huntly, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;

Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied. 90
'Twas vain :—But Fortune, on the right.
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

 The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
Advanc'd, forc'd back, now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd 'mid the foes.
But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep 110
To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their King.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring :
The stub'born spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood ;

Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell. 120·

No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands :
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands, 130
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swol'n and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ; 140
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail,
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear, 150
And broken was her shield !

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

NOTES

PROSE

1. CYMBELINE

The story of Cymbeline was originally written as a play by the great English dramatist, William Shakespeare. It was subsequently splendidly retold in prose by Charles and Mary Lamb; and it is this version, here and there slightly altered so as to suit Indian students, that has been reprinted in this book.

The chief characters in the story are--

1. *Cymbeline*, King of Britain
2. *Imogen*, daughter of Cymbeline; called *Fidele*, when in boy's clothes
3. *Posthumus*, husband of Imogen
4. *Cloten*, the son of Cymbeline's second wife, by a former husband
5. *Iachimo*, a villainous Roman
6. *Pisanio*, Imogen's attendant; friend to Posthumus
7. *Bellarious*, lord in Cymbeline's court, banished from Britain
8. *Guiderius*, son of Cymbeline (called Polydore by Bellarius)
9. *Arviragus*, another son of Cymbeline (called Cadwal by Bellarius)

The story of Cymbeline, as told by Lamb and re-printed in this book, may be divided into five parts: (I) From the begin-

ning to the end of para 2 on page 3; (2) To the end of para 1 on page 6; (3) To the end of page 9; (4) To the end of para 1 on page 12; (5) To the end of the story. The student is advised to read through the whole story silently, without troubling himself much about the meanings of words and phrases. At another sitting, let him read the first chapter with the help of the 'notes' given here; and with more help, if necessary, from his teacher and a Dictionary. And so on, through the whole story. It is briefly this :

(1) Imogen, daughter of Cymbeline, King of Britain, marries Posthumus without her father's permission. The King banishes Posthumus from Britain for life and he leaves for Rome. (2) Posthumus falls into the company of Iachimo, a wicked Roman. Iachimo proposes to go to Britain and prove Imogen false to her husband. He fails, but bribes a servant to steal her ring; and with it he comes back to Rome and boasts of his success. Posthumus is jealous. He writes a letter to Imogen and desires her to travel with Pisanio to Milford-Haven and offers to meet her there. And he requests Pisanio to take Imogen to Milford-Haven and there kill her. Pisanio and Imogen travel together and reach their destination. Pisanio does not kill the lady, but tells her how Posthumus is disposed towards her. He dresses her in boy's clothes and leaves her to her fate. Imogen, thus disguised, wishes to meet her husband in Rome. (3) Imogen journeys through a forest and arrives at a cave, tired, hungry, and thirsty. She is received very kindly there by Bellarius, who was formerly a lord in the Court of Cymbeline, and by two youths who dwelt with him. These young men, the brothers of Imogen, had been stolen, for some secret reason, from their father the King, by Bellarius. Days pass by and Imogen is happy. One day, when Bellarius and the boys go out, she drinks a cordial, given her by Pisanio, and falls into a sound and death-like sleep. Bellarius and the boys return, grieve very much over Imogen's seeming death, remove her body to an adjoining grove, strew flowers and leaves over her

body, and return home sorrowfully. (4) Presently, Imogen awakes. Unable to get back to the cave, she wanders.

Meanwhile, a Roman army lands to invade Britain ; and with the army comes Posthumus to fight for *Cymbeline*, not against him. Imogen falls into the hands of the Romans and becomes a page to the Roman general.

A battle takes place. Cymbeline would have been defeated and slain. But Bellarius and the two youths fight bravely ; and the boys save the king (their father), and his kingdom. Posthumus also fights hard for Cymbeline. The Britons are victorious. Lucius is taken prisoner, and, along with him, Imogen ; so also Iachimo who fought as an officer in the Roman army.

(5) Lucius begs Cymbeline to spare the life of his page, Imogen. The king agrees. He does not, however, recognise his daughter in boy's clothes, but grants her a boon. She sees Iachimo with the ring of Posthumus on his finger and begs the king to compel him to explain how he got it. Iachimo confesses his villainy. Posthumus, who had fought for Cymbeline, discloses himself and confesses his crime towards Imogen. Bellarius who had also fought splendidly for Cymbeline with his two boys, tells how the youths are the lost sons of the king, and who himself was.

It is a time of great joy and reconciliation. Cymbeline receives back Imogen with fatherly affection ; acknowledges Posthumus as his son-in-law ; and forgives Bellarius, and embraces his two lost sons. At the request of Imogen, Cymbeline readily grants the life of the Roman general. And the treacherous Iachimo is dismissed without punishment.

Page 1. *Nursery*, apartment in a house for young children. *But in l. 6* is a conjunction ; in *l. 8*, an adverb. *became of*, happened to. *carried away*, stolen. *plotting*, hatching secret plans to injure others. *stepmother*, father's second wife ; (*stepfather*, mother's second husband). *secure the crown...son*, make her son king.

Page 2. *Design*, purpose. *accomplished*, polished, possessing graceful acquirements. *that age*, those times. *orphan*, child

bereaved of parents. *Posthumus*, born after the death of the father. *tenderly*, with much affection; *with their years*, as they grew up. *in watch*, watching. *dignity*, high position. *banish*, drive away, expel. *for ever*, so that he could not come back to it again during his lifetime. *set out*, started (Learn the meaning of these expressions and use them in your own sentences: *set apart*, *set aside*, *set at naught*, *set free*, *set in*). *seeming*, apparent (it may be real or unreal; but here, unreal).

Page 3. *In regard to*, regarding, concerning (pay no regard to=neglect; with kind *regards*, compliments, good wishes). *persuade*, make one believe. *contract*, form. *part with*, give away to another person *token*, something that remind, keepsake. *solitary*, lonely, without companion. *dejected*, dispirited, cast down. *freely*, without decency. *affirmed*, said. *constant*, faithful. *above*, higher than. *provoke*, rouse to anger. *altercate*, dispute, wrangle. *wager*, bet (Note the idiom, *lay a wager*). *prevail upon*, persuade, induce to do.

Page 4. *Terminate*, end. *ran no hazard*, risked nothing. *trial*, test. *profession*, declaration. *repulse*, reject, drive back. *dishonourable*, disgraceful. *deceitful*, false.

Page 5. *Upon pain of death*, with death as penalty. *above*, more than. *was at an end*, ended. *disclose*, reveal. *beyond measure*, excessively. *afflict*, distress. *take comfort*, recover from distress. *security*, safety, protection. *barbarously*, cruelly. *apparel*, dress. *cordial* (*n*), drink which cheers up. *try*, test. *malicious*, wicked. *with every appearance of death*, appearing to be altogether dead.

Page 6. *Choice*, exquisite, of picked quality. *daring*, courageous. *subsist*, support life. *hardy*, capable of endurance. *make one's fortune*, become rich; *fortune*, lot in life. *Imogen's fortune*, her good luck. *lost*, missed. *embark*, go on boardship.

Page 7. *Invitation*, polite request. *made the ground my bed*, slept upon bare earth. *or*, otherwise. *came across*, disturbed. *reputed*, considered to be, regarded as. *knew no better*,

did not know more about themselves. *it* (l. 18), Imogen. *victuals* (pronounced *vits*), food and drink. *or*, were it not for its eating and drinking. *Jupiter*, in Roman mythology, king of gods. *By Jove*, another exclamation. *paragon*, supremely excellent person. *address*, speak to. *strew*, scatter. *made my meal*, ate. *parted*, left.

Page 8. *Whither are you bound*, to what place are you going, to what place are you journeying. *bound for Italy*, who is to arrive in Italy. *spent*, exhausted. *prithee*, pray thee. *churls*, ill-bred persons. *measure*, estimate. *cheer*, food, fare. *expressions*, words. *housewifery*, cleaning, cooking, etc.; *Housewife* is pronounced ‘*husif*.’ *melancholy*, low spirits, depression. *as if grief etc.*, as if she had much reason to grieve but bore it patiently. *doting-piece*, of whom they were passionately fond. *enough rested*, had sufficient rest.

Page 9. *Venison*, deer-flesh. *bade her farewell*, said goodbye to her. *parts*, qualities. *demeanour*, bearing. *funeral*, burial of the dead with due rites. *dirge*, song of mourning, funeral song or hymn. *covert*, wood or thicket (affording cover for game). *repose*, rest. *pale*, white. *corse*, corpse.

Page 10. *Going off*, disappearing. *slight*, scanty. *concluded*, inferred. *all a dream*, wholly unreal. *pilgrimage*, journey. *in the disguise of*, dressed as. *very forest*, same, identical. *heavily*, with force, causing deep sorrow and pain.

Page 11. *Presence*, look, appearance. *deportment*, bearing, behaviour. *page*, personal attendant. *valour*, courage, *rescue*, save from danger. *fortune*, ordering of events. *turned the fortune of the day*, changed the result of fighting on that day.

Page 12. *Juncture*, state of affairs. *knew*, recognised. *author of all her trouble*, person who had caused all her miseries. *prisoner of war*, captive taken in war. *welcome sentence etc.*, pronouncing of sentence that he should be put to death, which he would accept with pleasure.

Page 13. *Lest that* (Conj.), in order that—not; *ransom*, money paid to redeem a captive. *With a Roman heart*, with the firmness and resignation of a Roman. Do you know how the Roman Regulus acted when he was a captive in the hands of the Carthaginians? *no one beside*, none else. *knew her not*, did not recognise her. *spoke in his heart*, whispered to him in her favour. *wherefore*, for what reason. *boon*, favour, request. *in hand*, receiving my utmost attention. [Learn the meaning of the following idioms and use them in sentences of your own: at *hand* (close by), with a high *hand* (arbitrarily), take in *hand* (undertake to do), out of *hand* (out of control), on the one *hand*, live from *hand* to mouth.] *seeming*, apparent. *this seeming etc.*, the Roman general was astonished to see that his page was ungrateful to him; but the boy was not really so.

Page 14. *came by*, obtained. *made a full etc.*, fully confessed all his wickedness. *imposing upon*, taking advantage and deceiving. *credulity*, readiness to believe. *instantly*, the same moment, *enjoin*, order. *overwhelmed*, overpowered, *reconciliation*, restoration to friendship or union. [In the case of Imogen, she received again the affection of the father; and Posthumus was forgiven and acknowledged as son-in-law].

Page 15. *Season*, time. *Universal*, on all sides, in every way, which every one had. *his young deliverers*, the young men who saved his life. *unlooked for*, unexpected. *at leisure*, was free. *mediation*, coming between and giving his advice. *inviolate*, without being broken. *touched with*, affected by. *remorse*, bitter repentance. *in consideration of*, considering that. *his villainy etc.*, as the ultimate purpose of his wicked deeds had been completely frustrated.

Exercise on Subject-matter

1. Who stealthily carried away Cymbeline's two sons and why was he tempted to do it?

2. Why did Imogen's step-mother occasionally befriend her?
3. Who was Posthumus? Why was he so called? and why was he banished from Britain?
4. Describe the parting of Posthumus from Imogen.
5. (a) Who was Iachimo? What was the occasion of his visit to Imogen? and how did he behave towards her?
(b) When and how was Iachimo's treacherous behaviour towards Imogen detected and exposed?
6. (a) How and where did Imogen and her 'lost' brothers meet? (b) Explain the circumstances that induced the brothers to believe that Imogen was dead.
7. (a) What induced Posthumus to contrive the death of Imogen? (b) How was her death prevented? and in what circumstances were they both brought before Cymbeline?
8. State how the two 'lost' sons were restored to Cymbeline.
9. Write a paragraph describing the character of Cymbeline's second wife; how she was cruel to Imogen; how she nevertheless tried to be kind to her at times; and how she died.

II. PRATAP SINGH

Edward I, King of England, overran Scotland a number of times and its conquest seemed complete. The Scottish people were too brave and proud to submit. They fought gallantly again and again for their freedom. Two splendid heroes arose among them and fought their best, Sir William Wallace, and Robert Bruce.

This Bruce was the son of a former King of Scotland. He tried hard to drive the English out of the country. But he was beaten time after time. He was yet eager to strike one more blow for his country's freedom and this he did on the

famous field of Bannockburn in 1314. It was a wonderful victory and Scotland won her independence. Pratap was thus rightly the *Bruce* of Rajasthan.

The account of Pratap in the Text may be divided thus :
 (1) Pages 16-18. Pratap trusted that he could overturn the throne of Delhi. But the Moghal Emperor cleverly brought over to his side many of the kindred in faith as well as blood of Pratap. Yet the feats of Pratap were brilliant. He denied to himself all luxury and pomp. (2) Pages 18, 19. Pratap's seat of Government was Komulmir. He remodelled the Government. He commanded his subjects to retire into the mountains and enforced his order with severity. But Akbar himself took the field against him. Maldeo of Marwar became his vassal. The odds against Pratap were fearful.
 (3) Pages 19, 20, 21. Here is an anecdote to prove how the ruling family of Mewar had a settled repugnance to sully the purity of its blood. (4) Pages 21-24. The Battle of Huldighat. Prince Selim himself now led the war, ably guided by Raja Maun and Mohabett Khan. Pratap trusted to his native hills and his twenty-two thousand faithful Rajputs. He was also helped by the Bhils, the aborigines of the hills. The Rajputs were posted at the pass of Huldighat, even as the Greeks were at Thermopylae. Pratap attacked Selim and would have killed him; but the steel plates which defended his howda saved him. Then the conductor of Selim's elephant was slain; when the infuriated animal carried off, from the field into safety, the heir of Akbar.

Even Pratap was thrice rescued from amidst the foe and extricated at length by one of his faithful chiefs with the loss of his own life. Pratap lost the day; and, out of his force of 22,000 Rajputs, barely 8,000 quitted the field alive.
 (5) Pages 23-24. Pratap meets his brother Sukta who was in Moghal service, on loving terms. (6) Pages 25 and 26. Pratap's means diminish; and misfortunes increase. He even dreaded the captivity of his family. His courage and magnanimity touched the soul of Akbar and extorted the homage

of every Chief in Rajasthan. (7) Pages 27, 28. Pratap obtains from his minister Bhama Sah all his vast accumulated wealth and is able to beard the Moghal general in his own den. Pratap has a series of successes. (8) Pages 28, 29. Pratap gets repose, but it is no boon. A limit is placed to his hopes; he must ever be a stranger to Chittur. He was broken with fatigue and covered with scars. He was prostrated in the very summer of his days. To describe adequately Pratap's undaunted heroism and inflexible fortitude, and the courage, fidelity and devotion of the Rajputs towards him, one would like to have a Thucydides or a Xenophon.

The student is advised to read silently the whole extract at one sitting; and, having gained some general impression of the greatness of Pratap, he will study the life in parts. The extract contains a number of fine expressions, which might be mastered and used.

Romantic, full of wonderful and extravagant events—such as are found in romances, passing beyond the limits of real life. *scarcely less*, almost as.

Page 16. *Flourished*, prospered. *primitive*, belonging to early, simple, and undeveloped times. *overlord*, supreme lord, suzerain. *resources*, means of supplying wants, means of supporting and defending a country. *house*, family. *reverses*, defeats, failures. *antagonist*, opponent. *annals*, records. *revolution*, reversal of conditions.

Lines 21-25. Pratap had often read in the records of his country how splendidly his ancestors had fought; and he was proud that in previous times the enemies of Chittur had often been defeated, taken captive, and imprisoned in Chittur. So he believed that fortune might come back again and help him to overthrow the Moghal Emperor. *gave a loose to*, spoke freely and openly about. *aspiration*, earnest desire, ambition. *meditated liberty*, indulged in thoughts of obtaining freedom. *opponent*, that is, the Moghal Emperor. *counteract*, act against. *disclosed*, revealed. *anguish*, severe mental pain. *kindred in*

faith as well as blood. Rajput Hindus and relatives. *take part with,* side with.

Page 17. *The ancient capital.* Chittur. *the title,* that is, Rana. *The magnitude &c.,* the greater the danger, the more courageous grew Pratap. *nurseling,* infant. *scarcely...men,* men who were as savage (never less). *live,* are remembered. *enshrined,* kept holy. Note that even the enemy pays a glorious tribute to his prowess. It is true that many of Pratap's chiefs, went over to the enemy, tempted by wealth and fortune; but his own subjects never abandoned him.

Para 3. tells what personal sacrifices Pratap made, and that he resolved to continue to do the same until he re-captured Chittur. *insignia,* marks. *redeemed,* recovered. *mark,* indicate. *fallen fortune,* reduced condition. *nakara,* drum-bands. *martial,* sounded in battle. *in the rear,* behind. *depression,* fall. *survives,* is still observed. *shears,* clipping instrument. *evade,* avoid doing, *tribute,* mark of respect.

Page 18. *Exigencies,* urgent needs. *slender,* weak. *keep the field,* continue the campaign or fight. *unrelenting,* without relaxing, without giving way to compassion.

The policy referred to in para 3 is that the subjects of Pratap should leave the plains and retire into the mountains. *gum arabic,* the thorny tree from whose bark tooth-powder is made, from which gum exudes when the bark is removed. *beasts of prey,* beasts that kill and devour other animals. *injunction,* order. *the garden,* the most fertile region. *the garden of Rajasthan,* that is, Chittur. *took the field,* began a campaign.

Page 19. *vassal,* prince who held his state by feudal tenure, subject to the Moghul emperor. *pay homage to,* formally acknowledged allegiance to, acknowledge him as his overlord. *satrap,* provincial governor. *by the change,* that is, when they became the vassals of the Moghul emperor. *prop,* support. *odds,* inequalities. *repugnance,* disinclination. *anecdote,* account of a detached incident. *sully,* soil, tarnish, make impure. l. 18.

Find out what influence it produced. *conspicuous*, eminent. *bard*, poet, minstrel—in medieval times, the bards both composed and sang. *theme*, subject. *Chersonese* (pronounced: Ker-so-nez) peninsula.

Page 20. *The board was spread*, the meal was placed in dishes. *waive ceremony*, overlook usual formality. *subterfuge*, evasion. *acquitted*, let off. *Undeva, deva* or god to whom cooked rice is first presented, before eating. *resolve*, that is, not to ally himself with the emperors by marriage. Note that Pratap would not eat with Raja Maun, because the Raja had given his sister in marriage to a Turk ; because also he had probably eaten with the Turk. Even the ground on which the feast was spread was thought to have been polluted, and was broken up and purified with the water of the Ganges.

Page 21. *Apostate*, one who abandons his religion. *exasperated*, irritated. *vanquished*, overthrown. Akbar had done much for a long time to conciliate the Rajputs and believed that their prejudices against the Turks had gradually died away. But when he heard of Pratap's behaviour towards Raja Maun, he grew angry because the prejudices were still there. *vanquished*, overthrown. *sanguinary*, in which there was much blood-shed. Distinguish between *sanguine*, and *sanguinary*. 'He was *sanguine* of success'; 'it was a *sanguinary* battle.' *immortalize*, make immortal, undying, famous for all time. *Counsels*, advice. Distinguish between *counsel* and *council*. *withstand*, oppose. *son of Akbar*, Selim. *defiles*, passes. *vulnerable*, offering an opening to attack and capture. *intricate*, perplexingly entangled and so very difficult to march through. *restricted*, confined. *approaches*, paths by which a fortress is reached. *defile*, pass through which troops must march in file. *abreast*, side by side. *rampart*, defensive mound of earth. *neck*, pass in a mountain range, long and narrow part.

Page 22. *Pinnacle*, peak. *overlooking*, commanding a view of. *combatant*, fighting. The third para. describes the

plain of Huldighat where the battle was fought. *aborigine*, the original inhabitant of a country. *flower of Mewar*, the best men of Mewar. *emulating etc.*, striving to fight as courageously as their chief. *hottest*, where the fight was most furious. *strained every nerve*, did his utmost, used all his resources. *luxury, pleasure*. *made good a passage to*, succeeded in getting near. Pratap wished to meet Raja Maun and fight with him. He did his best but could not get at him. But he succeeded in getting near Selim. *make good a passage, gain a way, but for*, had it not been for. *howda*, an Arabic word meaning a seat on an elephant's back, usually with canopy. *the lance etc.*, a humorous expression meaning that Pratap would have thrust his lance into the body of Selim, and killed him.

Pratap's horse was Chituk. Just as men become famous, war-horses also get distinguished. The famous war-horse of Alexander the Great was Bucephalus. *destitute etc.*, having nothing with which he could defend himself. *carnage, slaughter, royal umbrella*, the glittering umbrella pointed out to the enemy where, in the fight, Pratap stood. *signal, marked, notable, extricated etc.*, freed him from danger and set him free, but lost his own life. *insignia*, mark by which anything is known; the crimson banner of Mewar. *gold sun*, the flag of Mewar. *made good his way, forced his way*.

Page 23. *brunt of the battle*, chief stress of the contest. The fight raged most fiercely about the noble chief, for the banner of Mewar floated above him and the enemy believed that Pratap was there. In the meanwhile, the prince was forced away from the field. *unavailing, of no good, field artillery*, light guns suited for active operation in the field. *dromedary*, camel bred for riding. *corps*, military force. *swivel*, small cannon turning on a ring that itself turns round on a pin. *impediment, obstacle* (the mountain stream). *gained upon him*, got closer to him. *flintlock*, gun discharged by spark from flint. *at his heels*, close behind him. *accent, peculiar mode of pronunciation*. *tongue, language, dialect*. *Resentment was*

extinguished, his bitter feelings against Pratap gave way. *pursuers*, that is, of his brother and enemy, Pratap. *Chituk*, Pratap's horse. *comparison*, harness. Unkarro was the horse of Sukta.

Page 24. Sukta was full of humour and could easily crack jokes. *pledged his word*, promised. *kept his word*, was true to his promise, did what he had promised, was as good as his word. *nazar*, present made by a nobleman or subordinate prince to his lord. *introduction*, formal presentation of himself to his brother. *redeemed*, recaptured. *coup de main*, sudden overpowering attack (pronounced Koo de mang). *best blood*, the highest nobleman. *irrigated*, flowed over. *every house etc.*, the most important member of every noble family in Mewar perished in the fight. *elate with*, proud of. *set in*, commenced. *impede*, retard.

Page 25. *A prince of the blood*, a nobleman who is a near relative of the royal family. *beset*, hemmed in. *dislodged from*, forced to leave. *glen*, narrow valley. *manoeuvre*, tactical movement. *unawares*, unexpectedly. *to a man*, every one, to the last man. *seldom tangible*, who could never be touched. *reservoirs*, springs. *exhalation*, vapour. *respite*, interval of rest or relief. *on the point of*, about to. *fortitude*, courage.

Page 26. *Etiquette* (et-i-ket), form of ceremony, conventional rules of manners. *in prosperity*, when one is well-off. *inflexible*, unbending. *touched the soul of*, affected deeply. *gorgeous*, dazzling. *satrap*, provincial governor. *unstable*, not likely to abide or endure. *bowed the head*, bent down, in sign of submission. *preserve*, maintain. *want*, lack of what was necessary to sustain life. *frenzy*, great fury. *pertinacity*, obstinacy. *myrmidon*, follower (used in contempt). *stretched beside them*, lying by their side. *reflection*, deep thought. *fortitude*, courage. *unsubdued*, firm.

Page 27. *Unman*, deprive a person of courage and manliness. *the name of royalty*, privilege of being a king. *stem the torrent*, endure the rush of miseries. *the stay of his race*.

the support of his royal house. *insular*, surrounded by water. *who preferred exile to degradation*, who deemed it more honourable to permanently leave the country than stay in it in a degraded condition. *confines*, borders. *change his measures*, alter the steps he had adopted. *If the historic etc*, if the records of Mewar tell us how severely the chiefs treated the subjects, they also mention acts of attachment to their Rana which have nowhere else been done. *saviour of Mewar*. If Bhama Sah had not given away his huge wealth to Pratap, his chief, that chief would have abandoned Mewar and got abroad to live on the banks of the Indus. *sticking-place*, point at which screw holds tight (*Macbeth*. I, vii, 60). *screwed up etc*, mustered up all his courage. *fugitives*, retreating men.

Page 28. *Consternation*, terror which paralysed them. *made an offering to the sword*, killed. *appalling*, terrifying. *slight ovation*, triumph of lesser kind (Roman). *mart*, centre of trade, emporium.

Para 2. Several causes combined to give Pratap rest during the latter portion of his life. The ambitious Moghal Emperor turned his arms away from Rajasthan towards a new sphere. He was much impressed with the unexampled conduct of Pratap. Fellow princes admired the courage of Pratap and joined him. *swelled the train*, joined him and strengthened his following. *repose*, life of rest and idleness. *boon*, blessing. So long as Pratap stood on the top of the pass which guarded Udaipur, and gazed on Chittur which could never again receive him within its gates, he could not take pleasure in resting. *burning*, keenly desiring. It is true Pratap was left unmolested; but the peace given to him did not satisfy him. Clearly a limit was set to his hopes. This he could not endure. The grief and pain he suffered was similar to that of Tantalus, told in the Greek fable. In Greek Mythology, Tantalus was punished by being made to stand in Hades up to his chin in water, with branches of fruits over his head; the water receding when he wished to drink, and the fruit going up when he wished to eat.

Warrior, Pratap. prime, best part. burning for the redemp-
tion etc. passionately desiring to win back the splendid position
that his house had enjoyed.

Page 29. *Basalt, hard dark-coloured rock. fragments,*
broken pieces. fit emblem of, which appropriately resembled.
casting a wistful eye, earnestly looking. scenes of glory enacted
there, gallant deeds performed there. unearthly etc. super-
natural brightness.

Para 2. The proud ruler of Rajasthan wasted away in body long before the usual age. *diseased, which had lost its health.* *preyed on, seized and devoured. exhausted frame, body which* had become worn out with toil and labour. *prostrated, completely took away his strength. summer, brightest season.* *The last moments etc.* When Pratap was dying, he called on his heir, like Hannibal the Carthaginian, to swear that he would never lay down his arms until he regained the independence of Chittur. This act of Pratap's truly illustrated the aims and objects of his life. *worthy the attention, worthy of the attention.*

Pratap felt the loss of Chittur very intensely; so much so, that he dared to use the strength of a comparatively small country against the ruler of an empire, which was in those days the strongest in the world, and whose forces were larger and more efficient than those led by the rulers of Persia against Greece. *Who influence the destinies of states in more favoured climes, who rule over countries more healthy and fertile. this prince, Pratap. small principality, Mewar. powerful empire,* Moghal kingdom. *Had Mewar etc., had there been in Mewar a great historian like Thucydides or Xenophon. this brilliant reign,* the rule of Pratap with his dazzling deeds of heroism. *vicissitudes, ups and downs, change of fortune. Thucydides, a celebrated Greek historian.* He wrote a remarkable history of the Peloponnesian war, which stands unequalled for the fire of his descriptions, the conciseness, and, at the same time, the strong and energetic matter of his narratives. *Xenophon, an Athenian*

like Thucydides, a celebrated general, historian, and philosopher. He was a pupil of the great Socrates. He fought with Cyrus the younger in an expedition against his brother Artaxerxes, King of Persia; and when the young prince fell, he superintended the retreat of the 10,000 Greeks who had followed Cyrus, back home—a distance of 600 leagues, overcoming enormous difficulties. And what was even more remarkable, Xenophon used his charming pen and talents to describe ‘The Retreat of the Ten Thousand.’ Among his many works are the *Anabasis* (the expedition of Cyrus), and the *Memorabilia* of Socrates. *Had Mewar possessed etc.*, if there were a historian like the Athenian Thucydides or Xenophon to write a history of Mewar,—who respectively wrote an account of the Peloponnesian war and The Retreat of the Ten Thousand—, he would have had even more diversified incidents to write about regarding Mewar. *undaunted heroism*, deeds of great valour done with fearless courage. *fidelity etc.*, faithfulness on the part of followers, such as could be met with in no other country. *opposed to*, used against. *soaring ambition etc.* these are descriptive of the Moghal power. *soaring*, flying high. *commanding talents*, superior mental qualities. *unlimited means*, boundless resources. *fervour etc.*, intense religious enthusiasm. *unconquerable mind*, that is, of Pratap Singh. *alpine*, lit. of the Alps (in Switzerland); lofty. *sanctified*, made holy. In every pass of the lofty Aravali Hills, Pratap has done a remarkable superhuman deed; he had gained a grand victory, having fought brilliantly for it; or perhaps he had suffered a defeat after a glorious fight. The battles of Huldi-ghat and Deweir that Pratap had fought, brought him the same renown that the battles of Thermopylae and Marathon to their heroes in ancient times, in Greece.

III. CLIVE AT ARCOT

This fine extract may be divided for the convenience of the student thus :

(1) Pages 30-32. The reputation of the English in Southern India about the year 1748 was low ; while the French were regarded with respect and admiration.

Mahommed Ali whom the English favoured was very weak ; and his fortress, Trichinopoly, was besieged by the powerful Chunda Sahib and his French allies and was sure to fall quickly.

Clive rose equal to the occasion. He proposed that Arcot, the stronghold of Chunda Sahib should be instantly besieged ; argued that Chunda Sahib would then retire from Trichinopoly and come back to Arcot, to take care of his own capital ; and offered to besiege Arcot himself. His offer was at once accepted and he proceeded. It was a most daring effort.

(2) Pages 32-34. Through thunder, lightning, and rain, Clive pushed forward with barely two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoys. The garrison in Arcot, in a panic, evacuated the fort and Clive entered it without a blow.

The garrison which had fled now grew into a force of 3,000 men and encamped close to the town. At midnight, Clive marched out, took the camp by surprise and slew great numbers.

Chunda Sahib at once sent four thousand men under the command of his son, Raja Sahib, to recapture Arcot.

For fifty days the siege of Arcot went on and Clive defended the town with courage and ability. But the breach on the ramparts was daily increasing ; the little garrison was getting thinner ; and provisions were failing.

The Madras Government failed to help. But Morari Row, a Mahratta chief, finding that the English had, after all, some

pluck, offered to help them and set out from the frontiers of the Carnatic.

(3) Pages 34, 35, 36. Rajah Sahib stormed Arcot on the Moharram day and failed.

Page 30. *Viceroy*, one who rules as a deputy in the name of the king. *on his own behalf*, for himself. Note the sterling high qualities of Dupleix. *confederates*, allies leagued together. *rival Company*, French East India Company.

Page 31. *invested*, besieged. *raise the siege*, force the enemy to abandon the siege; note carefully the miserable condition of the English at this time in Madras. *heighten*, increase. *turned the tide of fortune*, forced events to take a new direction. *commissary*, of the commissariat (food and store department of army). *emergency*, critical time needing prompt action. *called forth*, summoned. *strike a daring blow*, put forth one's best efforts fearlessly.

Page 32. *It was not impossible*, possibly. *in the event of a new war*, if a new war should break out. *been in action*, fought in a battle. *factor*, one who buys and sells goods for another (here, employed in the East India Company). *panic*, sudden fright. *evacuated*, withdrew from. *sustaining*, holding out against. *intelligence*, news.

Page 33. *Rampart*, wall round a fort. *casualties*, mishaps in which men are killed and wounded. *marshal*, officer of the highest military rank. *under such circumstances*, in this situation. *insubordination*, disobedience to orders. *extraction*, birth.

Page 34. *Devotion*, attachment. *fare*, food. *torpor*, sluggishness, apathy. *expeditious*, prompt and quick. *negotiation*, coming to terms of agreement. *rabble*, disorderly crowd. *think twice*, consider deeply. *poltroon*, coward.

Page 35. *The great Mahomedan festival*, the Moharram. The Prophet had a son-in-law, named Ali, whose second son,

Husain Imam was slain between Mecca and Medina in A. D. 680. According to the Shia sect among Mahomedans, Ali was the lawful successor of the Prophet. *Touching*, pathetic. *legend*, a marvellous story handed down from early times. *assassin*, one who is hired to kill another treacherously. *Prophet of God*, Prophet Mahomet. *lapse*, passing away. *devout*, pious. *work themselves up to*, excite themselves. *given up the ghost*, died. *falls in arms*, dies fighting. *infidels*, non-Mahomedans. *houri*, nymph of Mahomedan paradise. *employed*, used, given to the sepoys. *bang*, Indian hemp smoked or chewed for its narcotic and intoxicant qualities. *battering ram*, machine used to strike hard and break.

Page 36. *Trampling*, treading heavily on. *raft*, pieces of timber fastened together, serving as substitute for boat. *quell*, subdue. *Fanatic*, person excessively enthusiastic, especially on religious subjects. *told*, had a marked effect. *onset*, attack. *equal to*, possessing strength, courage, and ability adequate for the discharge of the duties of.

IV. EARLY LIFE OF NELSON

Page 36. *maiden name*, surname before marriage. *rector*, clergyman in charge of a parish.

Page 37. *straitened*, reduced. *bettered*, improved. *rough it out*, endure hardships and get on. *provide for him*, humorous expression to signify that he will be provided with an appointment that he longs for.

Page 38. *bird's-nesting*, hunting for bird's nests. *cow-boy*, boy who has the care of cows. *gypsy*, wandering people who live by basket-making, fortune-telling etc. *composedly*, calmly. *honour*, sense of what is right. *prevailed upon*, induced. *bed-fellow*, who had lain and slept in the same bed.

Page 39. *privations*, hardships. *on board*, on ship. *forlorn*, in pitiful condition without being protected by any one. *apprised*, informed. *took compassion on*, pitied and helped. *transplanted*, removed. *poinant*, bitter, stinging. *effaced*, removed. *bruise*, hurt, wound. *break the heart*, reduce a person to despair. *haven*, harbour; shelter. *privation*, want. *through life*, all his life-time. *commissioned*, ordered for active service. *paid off*, paid in full and discharged. *difference*, points in dispute. *accommodated*, settled, reconciled. *saying*, remark. *aft*, near the stern of a vessel. *forward*, in front. *pilot*, person qualified to direct a vessel. *effective*, fit for service. *deter*, prevent.

Page 41. *Coxswain* (kok swan, or koksn), a petty officer in charge of a boat. *Admiralty*, board of commissioners for the administration of naval affairs. *solicitude*, anxiety, concern. *mop*, stick with bundle of yarn fastened to end. *beset with*, hemmed in by. *hove*, lifted up, pulled.

Page 42. *becalmed*, motionless from want of wind. *breath of air*, slightest movement of air. *young ice*, ice just formed. *ice-anchor*, anchor with one arm for securing a vessel to an ice-floe. *closed upon*, enclosed. *main yard*, supporting main-sail (Try, if you can, to understand mainmast, mainsail, main top, main yard. Find a picture of a ship in which these are marked. There is one such in Webster's International Dictionary).

Page 43. *aggregation*, union. *extricate*, free. *imminent*, about to happen soon. Distinguish between *Eminent* and *imminent*. *wrest*, snatch, wrench. *slave*, crush the planks. *stole*, went out unnoticed. *taking advantage of*, using the occasion when. *were missed*, were found missing, could not be found.

Page 44. *chasm*, deep cleft. *butt-end*, thick and heavy end (Use in sentences: *butt*, cask; *butts*, shooting range; *butt*, object of ridicule; *butt*, thick end of a tool or weapon). *paid off*, paid in full and discharged. *squadron*, number of war-

ships grouped together. *foretop*, top of foremast. *rated*, placed him in that class. *florid*, ruddy. *athletic*, physically powerful.

Page 45. *baffle*, defeat. *sunk*, went low. *with his strength*, as he grew weak in body. *stagger*, become unsteady. *surmount*, overcome. *interest*, influence. *rêverie*, musing, deep thought. *overboard*, from within ship into water. *brave*, overcome.

V. FOUR GOOD LETTERS

(1)

Page 46. Lord Macaulay (Thomas Babington), 1800-59, was a historian, essayist, and poet. *whole*, as opposed to 'partial.' *tolerable*, fair. *takes my part*, supports me. *allow*, grant, admit. *droll*, odd, queer. *got off with credit*, fared creditably. *keep up etc.*, maintain my position. *censure*, expression of blame.

Page 47. *Snug*, comfortable. *trick*, secret.

(2)

Thomas Hood (1799-1845) was a poet and humorist. *moderate*, bring within compass. *in fancy*, in imagination. *strike out*, invent (start swimming for shore). *rattle*, uproar, bustle. *slop*, puddle. *litter*, odds and ends lying about.

Page 48. *bouncer*, big specimen. *heavy* (sea), striking with force. *trio*, set of three waves. *rule of three*, method of finding from three given terms a fourth related to the third as the second to the first. *Boney*, Napoleon Buonoparte. The student will find the letter very humorous. *long*, desire eagerly. *yacht* (yot), light sailing-vessel kept for owner's pleasure. *cruise*, sail about without precise destination. *amphibious*, living both on land and in water. *go to sea*, become a sailor. *dirk*, kind of dagger.

Page 49. *Post-captain*, fully commissioned naval captain. *pavement*, paved footway on the sides of a street. *fall in*—get drowned. *shingles*, skin-disease; *shingle*, pebble as on sea-shore. *lobster*, a kind of shellfish turning scarlet when boiled. *spell*, charm. *bolster*, anything resembling a bolster which is a long round cushion. Note how *lob* becomes *bol*.

(3)

William Hazlitt (1778-1830) was a distinguished essayist and critic. *Settle*, become fixed. *remember by*, by which to remember. *if nothing else*, if I do not advise any better.

Page 50. *Durst*, past of 'dare.' *the contrary*, that is, wrong. *put up with*, tolerate, submit to. *anticipate evils*, think beforehand of evils that may happen in the future. *spite*, ill-will. *disarm their hostility*, prevent them from becoming unfriendly. *pique*, feeling of injury done to you. *help*, avoid.

Page 51. *keep up appearances*, seem to be friendly, make an outward show of friendly relations. *dupe etc.*, do not entertain the prejudices of common people and become therefore deceived. *have your own way*, be free to act as you choose. *get the better etc.*, overcome this in proper time.

(4)

Abraham Lincoln was the President of the United States of America from 1861 to 1865.

Page 52. *Adjutant general*, the executive officer of the commander-in-chief. The battles referred to in the letter took place in the War between the Northern and Southern States in America. *fruitless*—without any effect. *beguile*, cause your time to pass by easily. *overwhelming*, irresistible. *restrain*, keep back. *tendering*, offering. *consolation*, comfort, solace. *Republic*, state governed without a monarch, in which the supreme power is vested in representatives elected by the people.

Page 53. *assuage, scothe. anguish, mental agony before* bereavement loss of your children. *upon the altar of freedom, to obtain liberty for your country.*

VI. IVO TAILLEBOIS

This extract tells of the character and life of Ivo Taillebois a follower of William the Conqueror, described in Charles Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*.

Page 53. *man at arms, soldier. game, animal usually hunted. Adventurer, one who seeks and enters on daring enterprises. profligate, shamelessly vicious, extravagant. deserts, merits, good qualities or features. manor, land belonging to a nobleman. dispossessed, robbed.*

Page 54. *pike, large fresh-water fish. merc, lake. paltry, trifling. Lent, period of fasting and penitence from Ash Wednesday to Easter Eve. nets, fish with nets. hew, cut to pieces, chop off. canon, clergyman. fen, low marshy tract of land. cracked, sharp. set up a yell, uttered a shrill cry. heron, a long-legged wading bird.*

Page 55. *one of his best men, that is Ivo's men. stark, rigid in death. unwieldy, cumbersome. brought to bear, used against him. he was beyond pursuit, he could not be pursued.*

Pages 56, 57. *set on, attacked. in their own stead, instead of themselves. in league with, united to, friendly with. abject, mean, cowardly. adrift, helpless, floating as driven by the wind. in Norman's eyes, as viewed by the Norman. boiling over, breaking out into unrestrained indignation. man-hunters, the followers of Ivo. have a care, take care (warning of danger). dead men, who have not long to live. barbarians, boors, savages. your turn would come next, you will next be attacked and killed. clank, produce a sound as of chain shaken.*

The north, the English in the northern country. A king of words, he will be only a king in name. of deeds. who acts, fights, kills, and rules.

Pages 58, 59. *Thane*, gentleman below the rank of earl and above that of an ordinary freeman. *elated*, raised high. *rick*, stack of hay. *cure of*, take away from. *pest*, plague. *outlandish*, foreign, strange. *rude*. *he says well*, he speaks wisely. *fat acres*, fertile lands. *be none the leaner*, cease to be fertile. *bag and baggage*, with all our belongings. *inherited by right of fist*, obtained by fighting. Ivo humorously says that the only title-deed he ever possessed was his fist, his strong fist, skill to fight and kill. *art*, scientific skill relating to war. *lies*, consists. *in this one nut-shell*, in this single word, concisely. *shift*, manage somehow, *rule*, regulation, code. *our liege lord*, our master, who is entitled to receive feudal service from us, to whom we owe allegiance. *once and for all*, at one stroke and for all times. *pardex*, exclamation. *lineage*, lineal descent, family. Para 3. Again Ivo speaks humorously. *king*, William the Conqueror. *fellow-feeling*, sympathy. *upstart*, person who has risen suddenly from humble position. He means that both the Conqueror and himself are upstarts and that therefore William likes him. *tanner*, one who converts hide into leather. *litter*, carrying-couch formerly used to convey women, invalids, priests, carried by men or beasts. *rattle*, carry with rattling noise. *war has no courtesies*, it is not convenient to observe ceremonies in times of war.

VII. THE FIRST GRENADEIR OF FRANCE

This extract describes the remarkable conduct of a French grenadier, named Latour. Students are advised to read the whole account at one sitting. Briefly it is this :

Latour, a Frenchman, was a grenadier and rose to be in command of a body of 8,000 grenadiers. He refused offers of

promotion on the ground that he was fit only to be in command of a body of grenadiers.

When Latour was forty years old, he went to visit a friend in a place where there was going to be war between the French and the Austrians shortly. And he learned that the war had actually shifted there. A regiment of Austrians was pushing on to capture a pass and prevent certain movements of the French. Latour at once set off for the pass, which was defended by a stout tower and a garrison of 30 men, and arrived there. But the cowardly garrison there had heard of the approach of the Austrians and fled, leaving 30 excellent muskets in the tower which were sure to fall into the hands of the enemy. And there was plenty of ammunition also left behind.

Latour gnashed his teeth with rage at the cowardice and folly of the garrison; but soon resolved to defend the tower single-handed. He fastened the main door and piled against it some heavy articles. Then he loaded all the guns and sat waiting.

About midnight, he heard the enemy enter the defile. He discharged at once a couple of muskets to warn the enemy that he knew of their coming. The Austrian officer was disappointed that he could not take the tower by surprise. He resolved to wait for daylight to attack the post.

It was sunrise. The Austrian commander called on the garrison to surrender; but the grenadier replied that the garrison would defend the place. Then the Austrian at once placed a piece of artillery directly in front. Latour saw this and opened a rapid fire and five Austrians fell. The Austrians began an assault and soon lost fifteen men. Three more assaults were similarly repulsed. By sunset the enemy had lost 45 men. The Austrian commander again summoned the garrison to surrender. This time the answer was that the garrison would surrender at sunrise next morning, if allowed to

march out with their arms unmolested; and the terms were agreed to.

Latour had courageously held the place sufficiently long to allow the French army time to complete its manoeuvre. The next day, at sunrise, the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files. The door of the tower opened and a single grenadier laden with muskets, walked out.

The Austrian Colonel, in astonishment, asked in French, why the garrison did not come out.

‘I am the garrison, Colonel.’

‘What! did you alone hold that tower against me?’

‘I have the honour,’

‘What induced you to make the attempt.’

‘The honour of France,’ replied Latour.

The Colonel, with admiration, raised his cap, saluted the grenadier, and praised him.

Pages 59, 60. *Grenadier*, one who shoots shells from a rifle-barrel. *commemorate*, be a memorial of. *comrade*, companion. *roll was called*, names of persons who belonged to the company were called out. *was not unworthy of*, quite deserved. *shifted*, moved. *set off*, moved forward. *stout*, strong.

Pages 61, 62. What a single man (Latour) did, the garrison could have done, even more easily. And what was worse, they left behind, to fall into the hands of the Austrians, thirty excellent muskets and several boxes of ammunition. *pile*, place one over another. *practised ear*, ear trained to hear sounds (of the enemy) even from a distance. *tramp*, sound of the marching of troops. *defile*, pass. *post*, position of advantage. *called on*, summoned. *to the last extremity*, to the end. *bear upon*, be effective upon. [Learn: bear arms (be a soldier), bear down (overthrow), bear out (confirm), bear in mind (remember, not forget), bear witness (give one's testimony to). Use these expressions in sentences of your own]. *mouth*, opening (of the

pass). *repulsed*, checked, defeated, driven back. *loop-hole*, narrow slit in a wall. *unmolested*, without being annoyed or troubled.

Pages 63, 64. *threw away a shot*, fired without effect. *manoeuvre*, tactical movement. *consequence*, importance. *ravine*, deep narrow gorge. *bronzed*, grown brown. *scarred*, with marks left on skin by healed wounds. *alone*, single-handed. *held*, defended. *what possessed you*, how were you so mad as. *at stake*, depended on the defence of the pass. *undisguised*, genuine. *warmly*, heartily. *urn*, vase anciently used for storing ashes of the dead. *Impressive*, able to excite deep feelings of respect.

EXERCISES

1. What impressive scene was witnessed in France at roll-call of a regiment of grenadiers for a long time?
2. (a) With what purpose did Latour strive to defend the tower referred to in your book?
(b) The French garrison that had left the tower were fools and cowards. How?
3. Narrate all that was done by Latour to defeat the tactics of the Austrians.
4. What circumstance caused the astonishment and admiration of the Austrian Colonel?
5. How did the fellow-grenadiers of Latour and the Emperor Napoleon show their appreciation of Latour's gallant deed?

VIII. A TIGER HUNT

This extract is from Meadows Taylor's 'Confessions of a Thug.'

A tigress went to live in a jungle near a village. She killed three men, one man each day, and the villagers were greatly alarmed. A party of men, armed with guns, went out to attack the beast and kill her. A huge Pathan, named Dildar Khan, armed profusely as if for show, offered to lead the party. Among the men was a very sensible man, named Ismail Sahib who was accompanied by his son, Amir Ali.

Dildar Khan was a vain braggart, spoke of his having killed many tigers already, and boasted that he would finish the tigress without help from any one. The party soon reached the jungle; and then Dildar Khan showed signs of fear. The coward pretended that the beast could be after all but a panther and that it was not worth his while to deal with it. So he proposed that he would not go further but remain at the very entrance. The party protested against this; and, after some demur, he again proceeded.

The men went on, till some bones and torn clothes and the head of the man last killed by the tiger showed plainly that the beast was not far off. When Dildar Khan saw all this, he visibly trembled. He, however, pleaded that the unholy soul of a mad fakir, had entered the body of the tiger, that it was proof against shot, and that there was no good risking their lives, fighting with a devil. The men laughed at him and made fun of him.

And presently, as they were talking, a loud roar was heard from a short distance, and a moment afterwards, the tigress with its half-grown cub rushed past them. Now more than ever, Dildar insisted that the tigress had within it the accursed soul of Yacoob, and said that he would not on any account meet it. But he was taunted and the men called him a coward. Then he rushed forward, but not in the direction that the

tigress had gone. He proposed to stand by a bush which was at some distance and attack the tigress when she passed by it. And so he went. The party were sure that directly the coward saw the animal, he would take to his heels and run away.

So the men made their own arrangements to attack the beast. One of them fired and badly wounded the cub, which roared horribly. Another shot struck him and he did not move. The tigress rushed out and stood for a moment looking at the men. Presently Ismail Sahib fired and so did the rest ; and the beast charged right at the party ; but their shouts and the show of their weapons induced her to turn and spring towards Dildar Khan's bush. The coward, in ignorance, got out from the place where he had hidden himself, and stood in the very path of the beast. Another instant, the animal sprang upon him and began tearing his body. Ismail Sahib's son who had only a sword pitied the miserable man, ran forward and, notwithstanding the cries of the men to return, buried his dagger deep in the back of the brute's neck. She was dead and her limbs were quivering. So also was Dildar Khan.

Page 64. *cub*, the young of certain animals ; note what is meant by *calf*, *whelp*, *puppy*, *kitten*. *patail*, head-man. *choultry*, inn, chatram. *in a body*, together, united by. *volunteered*, offered of his own accord.

Page 65. . *Salaam aleikoom*, good morning to you ('peace'). *surveying*, looking about. *were she*, if she were. *defile*, pollute. *single-handed*, without help from others. *finish*, kill. *Roostum*, a great Persian warrior : used like a Hercules, a Bhima, a Samson. *child's play*, simple work, demanding neither strength nor courage. *play begins*, my action commences. *Inshalla*, exclamation, by Jove.

Page 66. *as ever breathed*, who ever lived. *caper*, jump, frisk. *antic*, grotesque movement. *make short work of*, kill. *to a certainty*, surely. *That is no concern of ours*, we have nothing to do with it. *after all*, notwithstanding what we all expected.

hardly worth one's while, will not repay the time and trouble taken. *demur,* raising of objection to our proposal.

Page 67 *Bagh,* tiger. *fakir,* religious mendicant. *proof against shot,* cannot be injured by shot. *dare-devil,* reckless person. *scamp,* mean, good-for-nothing fellow. *past,* "beyond. *cursed,* damned.

Pages 68, 69. *child's play,* sport in which children engage. *set about it,* commence working. *glade,* clear space in forest. *relish,* be pleased with. *reception etc.,* how Dildar Khan receives it. *eater of men,* man-eater, man-eating tiger. *dislodge,* move her from her hiding-place. *refuge,* protection, shelter. *aught,* anything. *heave down,* lift and throw down.

Pages 70, 71. *Bismillah, Inshalla, Mashalla, By Alla,* exclamations. *tough,* hand. *beyond description,* so that it cannot be described in words. *body,* dead body. *stationed himself,* stood. Distinguish between 'As he is a coward' and 'Coward as he is.' *will spare nothing,* will do her worst. *caught a glimpse of,* got a faint view of. *matchlock,* musket fired with fuse (combustible matter).

Pages 72, 73. *heed not,* took no notice. *fleet,* quick-going. *which man etc.,* which man in that party could run as quickly as myself. *paralysed,* rendered unable to move. *spectacle,* sight. *lacerated,* torn. *shamed us,* put us to shame, made us ashamed of ourselves. *cut,* clever stroke. *caught the knack,* acquired the skill. *auspicious,* promising.

EXERCISES

1. Refer to some of the sayings and doings of Dildar Khan which would prove him a coward.
2. What part did Sahib Zadah take in the tiger hunt? Who claimed credit for his plucky action and how?
3. Briefly describe the Tiger-hunt in two pages of twenty-five lines each.

IX. THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES

This story was written by the prince of story-tellers, Nathaniel Hawthorne. The hero of the story is Hercules.

The whole account could be read in one sitting. It is so simple that it is hardly necessary to break it up into parts. The story flows on without tiring one a bit.

Pages 73, 74. *came into the world*, was born. The *Hesperides* were three famous nymphs, daughters of Hesperus, appointed to guard the golden apples which Juno gave to Jupiter on the day of their wedding. The garden where these apples were, was carefully guarded by a dreadful dragon, which never slept. It was one of the labours of Hercules to procure three apples from this garden.

Re-write the dialogue between Hercules and the nymphs.
It is my destiny, I am fated to do the work.

Pages 75, 76 *Briareus* was a giant with 100 hands and fifty heads. *from my cradle*, from my infancy. *pastime*, pleasing occupation. *massive*, heavy. *become a meal for*, be devoured by. *ravenous*, very hungry. *grip*, hold firmly. *stripling*, youth yet growing. *shaggy*, full of coarse hair. *repast*, meal. *partake of*, eat. *odd*, queer. *in quest of*, searching for.

Pages 77-79. *choral*, sung by several voices. *now that*, since you now etc. *out of hearing*, so far away that he could not hear them. *keep fast hold of*, hold very firmly. Distinguish between 'by and by' and 'by the bye.' *verdant*, green. *thank his stars*, think himself lucky. *stole on*, approached stealthily. *at liberty*, free. *help on*, continued to grasp tightly. *outright*, entirely. *clutches*, hold, grasp.

Pages 80, 81. *hydra*, snake whose many heads grew again when cut off. It had according to one account seven heads; according to another fifty, and according to a third, one hundred. *girdle*, belt. *Antaeus*, a giant of Libya. Hercules attacked him, and often threw him down; but when he touched the ground,

he received new strength from his mother, Terra. So Hercules lifted him up in the air, and squeezed him to death in his arms.

Pages 82-84. *caper*, frisk and jump. *for joy*, on account of the joy it gave him. The greatest depth of the sea came nearly to the waist of Atlas. *faded etc.*, quite disappeared. *have no fancy for*, do not like. • *for ever*, permanently. *see about that*, consider that question. *Posterity etc.*, men coming hereafter will speak in praise of you. *pish*, exclamation of impatience. *Fig*, valueless thing (I don't care a fig for him). *for its talk*, about it. *heeded him not*, took no notice of him. The mountain Atlas is in Africa.

EXERCISES

1. (a) Describe the appearance of Hercules, as he went on his adventures.
 (b) Give an account of the interview between Hercules and the nymphs.
2. (a) Mention some of Hercules's early adventures, as he described them to the young women.
 (b) Give an account of Hercules's adventures with the Old Man of the Sea.
3. Explain how Hercules finally obtained the Golden Apples.

X. THE DEATH OF ABHIMANYU

This is an incident taken from the great Epic of Mahabharata. The chief characters occurring here are :

Sri Krishna, Yudhisthira, Arjuna, Subhadra, Abhimanyu; Drona (Kaurava General), Duryodhana, Duhsasana, Susarman (Raja of Trigarta), and Jayadratha.

It was the eleventh day of the great war. Drona gave his

word to Duryodhana that he would take captive Yudhisthira, Chief of the Pandavas. Krishna and Arjuna heard of this and prevented Drona from making good his promise to Duryodhana.

Susarman proposed to challenge Arjuna to fight at a place, away from where Yudhisthira would be fighting, thereby making it possible for Drona to take Yudhisthira captive when left helpless. Arjuna readily accepted the challenge.

The next day, Arjuna took leave of his elder brother to fight with Susarman and went to the appointed place.

The battle began and Arjuna easily defeated the king of Trigarta and drove him away from the field.

In the meantime, Drona marched against Yudhisthira; but the latter saw through the tactics of the Brahmin and rode away, far out of sight. It was not a disgrace for a Kshatriya to fly away from a Brahmin. So the second day of Drona's command passed and he had not yet redeemed his pledge.

It was the third day. Susarman challenged Arjuna as before and he again agreed to fight with him.

Drona drew up his men in the form of a spider's web, so that, if a Pandava got within, he could not escape. Yudhisthira called on Abhimanyu to charge Drona and break the spider's web. Arjuna's son accordingly drove on, and fought like a lion. But he was getting into the web. Duryodhana and his brothers saw this and hemmed him on all sides. And Jayadratha got between the young prince and the other Pandavas and prevented any help from coming to him. Abhimanyu's foot slipped and Duhsasana struck him dead.

Yudhisthira heard the news and was inconsolable. A little later, Arjuna was told of it, and his grief was great. He heard of the cowardly conduct of the Kauravas and swore to kill Jayadratha before the sun set the next day.

The grief and agony of Arjuna, the boy's father, of

Subhadra, his mother, and the tender wife of the young prince was deep. Krishna consoled them all, giving each the solace most appropriate to him or her.

Pages 84, 85. *To start with*, at the very beginning. *pledge*, promise. *regardless of*, taking no account of. *superior numbers*, considerably larger army. *occupied*, engaged. *immaterial*, of no importance. *battle-array*, order of battle. *vanquish*, defeat.

Pages 86, 87. *availed himself of*, profited by. *tactics*, art of disposing troops in battle with skill. *drew up*, arranged. *acquit yourself*, perform your part. *grit*, pluck. *hemmed in*, closely surrounded. *kept his ground*, held out. *halo*, circle of light round sun, moon etc.; ideal glory investing a person.

Pages 88 89. *Knightly*, chivalrous. *Come one etc.*, words spoken by Fitz-James to Roderick Dhu in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. *with flying colours*, with credit and success. *colours*, flag. *bourn*, boundary (poetic). *land from whose bourn etc.*, land beyond death. *beyond praise*, so great that one cannot find words to describe him. *take heart*, pluck up courage. *void*, empty, devoid of life and cheer.

EXERCISES

1. What was the vow that Drona took when his command of the Kaurava forces began? and how was he able to keep it?
2. (a) Describe, in a few words, how Abhimanyu fell.
(b) Sketch Abhimanyu's character.
3. Krishna consoled Arjuna, Subhadra, and Abhimanyu's wife in appropriate ways: How?

XI. ARTHUR'S FIRST DAYS AT RUGBY

This extract is from 'Tom Brown's School-Days', a very fine book which every Indian school-boy must read to learn the way in which an English boy grows up and is educated.

The extract is so charming that the student needs no advice to sit up and read the whole through in an hour or two.

Pages 90-91. *in high spirits*, buoyant and cheerful. *stow*, pack so as not to cause obstruction. *linen*, shirts, sheets, table cloths etc. Pages 90-91 tell of the ways in which boys, on the first day of the new term, worry the matron. The many questions they ask, and the answers she gives are all well told. *house-keeper*, woman managing the affairs of a house. *vicious*, ill-tempered. *this half*, this half term. *bully*, persecute. *public school*, an endowed classical school for providing a liberal education for such as can pay high for it—Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, and Merchant Taylors'. *see him through his troubles*, take care of him and see that he is not bullied.

Pages 92-93. *threw in*, put in, made. *warm heart*, affectionate and sympathetic disposition. *broke her heart*, was much distressed.

Like to die of decline, likely to die soon owing to gradual loss of vigour and loss of blood. *young un*, little boy (*un*, pronoun, colloquial for 'one'); usually *'un*. *study*, room used for reading. *preliminary*, preparatory step. *chum*, familiar friend. *baize*, coarse woollen stuff used for coverings. *diplomatic*, skilled in tactful dealing. *partnership comforts*, conveniences which both would enjoy and for which both would have to contribute.

Announcement, that is, invitation which would raise Brown high. *scapegrace*, knave, rogue. *fag*, schoolboy forced to do menial offices for one older, who in turn protects him. *platform*, raised position. *pour out*, speak out eloquently. *praepostors*, monitors. *at his heels*, beside him; *in tow*, dragging along behind him. *monstrous*, very. *many is the brave heart*, the

brave men now etc., are many. *clearing*, peace of land cleared for cultivation. *strapping*, tall and strong.

Pages 94, 95, 96. *at their ease*, free from constraint. *did Tom's heart good*, rejoiced him. *oblivious*, fortgetful. *scrapes*, awkward positions. *my eye*, (slang) interjection of surprise. *scared*, frightened. *you be hanged*, an imprecation or curse. *charge*, boy entrusted to his care. *under cover*, screened from others. *deportment*, behaviour, how he was to behave towards the other boys. *brick* (slang), a good person (lady). *stunning* (slang), amazingly good, first-class. *chattels*, personal movable possession or property. *airy*, pleasantly windy. *home-sick*, grieved on account of separation from home.

Pages 97, 98. *responsible*, answerable. *verge*, staff used as an emblem of authority. *verger*, one who carries it. *overwhelmed*, subdued. *ablutions*, personal washing. *nervously*, agitated. *trying*, causing mental pain. *open his heart* etc., freely confess his faults and tell what he feels. God hears the prayers of the child as well as of the big man when they are in trouble. *shy*, throw. *kneeling boy*, that is, Arthur. *the whole*, that is, of what happened. *Confound you*, a curse. *stampings*, striking the ground forcibly with one's foot. *how to get it*, what he has to do in order to get it.

Pages 99-100. *Toddle*, walk with short unsteady steps. *take to heart*, feel deeply. *sleep* etc., poor Tom could not get sleep. *Father*, God. *laid his head on the pillow*, slept. *from which it might never rise*, where he might be dead before morning. *leaven*, modify, reform, improve. *turn the table*, reverse the position. *the other way*, the reverse. *other times*, when things were in a different position. *didn't matter*, made no difference. *come to pass*, happened. *confess their Lord before men*, admit their crimes to God in the presence of fellow-men. *the sense of his own cowardice*, the feeling that he was a coward. *braggart*, one who talks boastfully of himself. *as*, though (How is *as* used in : I am *as poor as* he ; old *as* he was ; *as* it is a rainy day ; I thought *as* much ; act *as* you think best ; it is the

same as before; I have no love for such boys as tell lies; as far as I know, he is honest). still small voice, promptings of God or one's conscience. still, gentle, peaceful. *publican*, keeper of an inn or public house, tax collector (Biblical). face, confront any man in the world. taken a fancy to, got a taste for. *old state*, when it was considered degrading to kneel down and pray before others.

Poetry

I. LOVE OF ONE'S COUNTRY

These famous lines are taken from Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto VI. An old Minstrel, the last of his race, one day wandering desolate and poor, was admitted into Newark Castle. When his wants were supplied, he begged the Duchess to give him audience. She agreed and sat with all her ladies to hear his 'unpremeditated lay.' This goes on for days. The listening ladies question why he wandered through Scotland, 'a poor and thankless soil', instead of visiting the more generous Southern land' and gaining rich rewards and honour; and the sixteen lines quoted in this book form a part of his answer.

Lines 1, 2. Mr. Flather thinks that these lines are not quite regular. He proposes: 'Breathes there the man with soul so dead that he hath never etc.' 1. Does there live any man who etc. *with soul so dead*, so incapable of noble feelings. 2. *who*, refers to 'man', and means 'as that he'. *burn'd*, glowed. 5. Prose order: As he hath turned his footsteps home. When he returns to his native land, after wandering in a foreign country. *strand*, land along sea; here country. The first six lines are one sentence. A man goes to a foreign country and moves about largely there. Then he starts returning to his native country. His heart is sure to glow and he will say to himself, 'I am going back to my own, my native land.' The poet asks, is there any man alive whose feelings are dead and who will not say the words, when he thus returns? If such a person is found. *mark*, take careful note of. 8. *Minstrel raptures*, joyful feelings which rise in a minstrel's breast. He is incapable of feeling such joyful pleasure. 9. Prose order:

Though his titles are high, and his name is proud, grand.
 10. Though his wealth is boundless etc.; though he has unlimited wealth, as much as he may wish to have. II. *despite*, notwithstanding, in spite of. *pelf*, riches, wealth (used in contempt). In spite of all his high-sounding titles, his unlimited power, and his vast wealth. 12. Note that the poet calls this wordly-great man who has no love for his native land a *wretch*. *concentred all in self*, concentrated on himself, thinking always of himself and no one else; 'selfish in all his thoughts and aims, which are all fixed on himself.' *all*, entirely.
 13. *living*, while alive. *forfeit*, lose. *fair renown*, high name.
 14. When such a man dies, he dies a double death. He dies in his body, and his name will be at once forgotten - which is also *death*. 15. *vile*, worthless, note the Biblical saying: 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' When buried, man becomes gradually turned into dust. *from which he sprang*, of which he was made when he was born. 16. When he dies, no one weeps for him, no honour is shown to his memory, no songs are sung in praise of him.

II. THE VILLAGE MASTER

This charming description of a village schoolmaster is taken from Oliver Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. Lines 1--12. The prose order of lines 1 to 4: The village master, skilled to rule; taught his little school there, beside etc. *Beside*, by the side of. Distinguish between *beside* and *besides*. *Yon*, over there. *straggling*, growing irregularly, not in order, no longer kept in its place by trimming. *Fence*, hedge. *skirts* (verb), is on the borders. *surze*, prickly plant bearing bright yellow flowers. *unprofitably*, since it gave no pleasure or enjoyment to any one. In Goldsmith's times, poets did not care much for the beauty of nature. *gay*, beautiful on account of their blossoms of a bright golden colour. *mansion*, school-house, usually a large grand house. *skilled to rule*, clever in

managing it. *little*, small; it had a small number of boys and the boys were also little. *severe*, strict, unsparing in punishment. *stern to view*, looking stern (severe, not indulgent). *tyrant*, boy who stays away from school without leave. *I*, the poet. *him*, understood after *knew*. *boding tremblers*, children who trembled, because they foresaw the punishment they were sure to have. They trembled at the thought of it. *trace*, foresee. *the day's disasters*, the troubles they would have during the day. *in his morning face*, from the expression of his face in the morning. *Full well*, loud and long. *counterfeited*, not real, pretended. *glee*, mirth. *at all his jokes*, whenever he made a joke. He was full of wit and often cracked jokes. *bitsy whisper circling round*, told by one boy to another quickly and in a whisper. 12. *dismal*, gloomy, dispiriting. *tidings*, news that he was in a bad temper. Lines 13-24. *yet*, notwithstanding all this. *aught*, anything. 14. His love for learning was to be blamed for it, was the reason why he was severe. *The village all*, all the people in the village. 16. *cypher*, do sums in arithmetic. The three R's are reading, writing, and Arithmetic. 17. *Lands etc.*, he knew how to survey lands. *presage*, tell beforehand. *Tides*, seasons—such as Easter, Whitsuntide, Yuletide, etc. Some think that *tides* refers to the times of high and low water. *terms*, time when rent is paid, time during which University, school, or Court is at work. *story ran*, it was commonly said. *gauge*, (gage), tell how much liquor a cask or barrel would hold. 19. *parson*, clergyman. *owned*, admitted. *vanquish'd*, defeated. *he could argue still*, he would go on arguing, continue to argue. *words etc.*, very long hard words such as only men of learning can understand. *of thundering sound*, high-sounding. *amazed*, greatly astonished. *rustics*, villagers. *ranged around*, gathered round. 23. The more they gazed, the greater they wondered. *grew*, increased. 24. That a small head like that of the schoolmaster. *carry*, contain. *all he knew*, all the knowledge displayed by him.

III. THE WARRIOR'S VANITY

These lines are taken from Dr. Samuel Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, admittedly the best of his few poetical works. In this poem, Johnson points out that the wishes of men, however high placed they may be, are vain (that is, showy and valueless). In this extract, the vainglory of a military man is exposed.

I. 2. The prose order is: Let Swedish Charles decide etc. *Swedish Charles*, Charles XII, king of Sweden (1682-1718). He was a great warrior king and was called the Alexander of the North. He gained victories over the Danes, the Poles, and the Russians; but he was himself defeated by Peter the Great of Russia at Pultowa in 1709 and was killed at the siege of Friedrickshall in Norway. *foundation*; it was weak. *frame of adamant*, hardy constitution. *soul of fire*, spirit full of fire and energy. *fright*, frighten. 5. He is subdued neither by love nor by fear. Pleasure may tempt and pain frighten; but he is insensible to both. 7. *Pacific scepters*, ruling the country in peace. *yield no joys*, he is not happy, when there is peace. 8. War breaks out and the trumpet is sounded. Charles rejoices and rushes to battle. 9. *kings*, that is, of Russia, Denmark, and Poland who united against him. *combine their powers*, unite their forces. 10. *one*, the Danish King. *capitulate*, surrender to Charles. The King of Denmark is subdued; the Russians are defeated at Narva; and the King of Poland is dethroned. *combine, capitulate, and resign*, infinitives to 'behold.'

II. *Peace*, personified as a woman. *courts*, woos. His enemies seek peace. *charms*, beauties. Their beauties have no effect on him; he is not influenced by them. He does not want peace.

12. *Think nothing gained*: these words are spoken by Charles to his men. Do not regard anything as success; *naught*, nothing remains to be gained. *till Gothic...walls*, till Swedish standards fly over Moscow, till Russia is conquered and Moscow belongs to the Swedish people. 14. Till the whole of Northern Europe comes under my rule. So Charles refuses to conclude peace. 15. With the pomp of a

warrior. 16. And nations anxiously wait to see how he would resolve. *suspended*, remaining inactive. 17. no provisions could be had on the coast. 18. And winter covers the country and blocks up the roads with snow and ice. *barricade*, block up. 19. But Charles is held back neither by famine nor by cold. He marches. *nor want*, neither famine. . *delay*, delays. *blushing*, for shame. His glory blushes, because he is defeated at Pultowa in 1709, and captured. 21. *vanquished*, defeated. *hero*, Charles. *bands*, forces, 22. And looks a miserable man in a far-off country. 23. *to wait*, depends on 'condemned.' *needy*, poor. *supplicant*, petitioner. When he was at Bender, he made efforts to induce the Sultan and his viziers to support him. *ladies*, the ladies in the Sultan's seraglio intercede for him. 25. The goddess Fortune who always favoured Charles perhaps made an error when he was defeated at Pultova. Did she correct this error? 27. Was he not able, before his death, to conquer an empire and make it his own? That would have been a fitting end to such a glorious warrior. *mark his end*, distinguish him when he died. 27. *give etc.*, cause his death. 28 or, was he overthrown by his innumerable foes? 29. The answer to the above questions is, he was fated to die in a barren sea-port. 30. *Petty fortress*, Frederickshall in Norway, which he besieged and where he was killed. *dubious*, it is doubtful if he was slain in battle or by the hands of a traitor. *dubious*, doubtful. One account tells that Charles was killed by a shot from the fortress; another, that an officer of his own suite assassinated him. 31. *the name*, his name, at the mere mention of which men shuddered. 32. *To point a moral*, to enforce the usual moral or lesson by providing an illustration. The metaphor is adopted from the pointing of an arrow. Just as a blunt arrow has no effect on a target, a moral lesson, without being followed by an illustration, will be of no value. The moral is that the ambitious projects of great conquerors end in disappointment and ruin. *adorn a tale*, make a tale interesting. (VOLTAIRE'S *Life of Charles XII*)

IV. THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

This poem was written by Lord Byron (1788-1824). The Biblical story to which this poem relates is as follows: Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, took all the Jewish people captive and carried them away to Mesopotamia. His son, Belshazzar became King and his kingdom was attacked by the Medes and Persians under Darius. Belshazzar, not knowing that his city was about to be captured, held a grand feast, the night before. Then mysteriously came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote on the wall:

Mene, mene, Tekel, Upharsin. There was no one in the city who would interpret it. But a young Jew, named David, was found who understood what it meant, and explained it as a warning from God of what was going to happen the next day. *Mene*, God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. *Tekel*, thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting. *Peres*, thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians. In that very night, Belshazzar was slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom.

Lines 1-10. *King*, Belshazaar. *satraps*, provincial governors, *thronged*, filled in great numbers. *hall*, where the feast was held. *cups of gold*: the gold and silver cups used by Belshazaar for drinking wine at this feast were those that Nebuchadnazzar, his father, had carried away from the temple in Jerusalem. *deemed divine*, held sacred. *Jehovah*, Hebrew name for God. *godless*, who does not worship the true God. *heathen*, one who is not Christian, Jewish, or Mahomedan. 9. In the course of the feast. Lines 11-24. *solitary*, single. *traced*, wrote on. *wand*, a slender rod used by a conjurer. *shook*, trembled. *bade etc.* told his lords to stop their joyous feasts. *bloodless*, pale. *waxed*, grew, became. 19. He looked quite pale. *men of lore*, learned men. *expound*, explain, interpret. *words of fear*, terrible words. *mar*, spoil, interrupt. *mirth*, gaiety. *pur*, the 'we' used by kings in proclamations. Editors also use the word speaking

of themselves. 24. Which interrupt the gaiety we have ordered and are enjoying. Lines 25-40. *Chaldeah*, another name for Babylon. *seer*, prophet, inspired person. 25. The prophets of Chaldeah are all men of learning. 26. But they are unable to interpret these words. *unknown*, mysterious. *untold*, unexplained. The mysterious letters could not be explained by any one; and so they inspire the king more and more with fear. *Babel*, *Babylon*, *Babylonia*. *men of age*, elderly men. *deep in lore*, have profound learning; are very learned. They possess great wisdom. *now*, when called upon to interpret the writing on the wall. *they were not sage*, their profound wisdom does not help them. *but knew no more*, but could not discern their meaning. 33. A captive brought from Judah. *land*, Chaldea. *He*, Daniel. *captive*, *stranger*, *youth*, in app. with 'He.' 36. He understood the true meaning of the words written on the wall. *command*, order of Belshazzar to tell the meaning of the writing. 38. the prediction contained in the words was there before them. *on that night*, at the very instant, the same night. 40 *the morrow*, the next day. *proved it true*, was fulfilled; showed that the prophecy was correct. Lines 41-48. 41. He was slain that same night; his kingdom was taken away by Darius. The King's actions were placed in a weighing machine to ascertain if he had any merits. 44. And he was found wanting. *light*, without substance. *worthless*, of no value at all. *clay*, stiff earth (of little value). 45. *robe of state*, royal robe. *shroud*, *canopy*, nom. absolute to *being* (understood). *shroud*, winding-sheet in which a corpse is wrapped for the coffin. The robe which he will now wear is a winding-sheet. *canopy*, costly covering hung over a throne. *stone*, head-stone on his grave. The Medes and Persians were two nations who lived in Persia. *at his gate*; having conquered the country. *The Persian*, Darius.

V. THE GLORIOUS WARRIOR

These lines, translated from the great Indian Epic, *The Mahabharata*, remind one of Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior*. The question put by the poet is, who deserves to be called a *glorious man*? The answer is contained in the next thirty-four lines. The deserving person is described in a number of adjectival clauses, commencing with *who* etc. *Who &c.* in lines 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 15, 17, 21, 25, 27, 31, & 33, describe the noble warrior. 2. *subdue*, overcome. Who cease to be proud and avoid hating others. *lure*, attract, tempt. *abstinence*, restraining from pleasures. 5. *reviled*, called by ill names. *restrain*, control. 6. *injured*, when they are injured. *injure not*, do not return the injury. 7. *ask of none*, do not beg favours from others. *liberal*, liberally. *unresting*, without repose. *parent's joy*, who, by their conduct, make their parents glad. *stay*, support (that is, of the parents). 12. *banish*, drive out. 13, 14. *reverent*, accompanied with deep respect. *love*, (verb) agrees with 'who.' *pore*, intently look into. *lore*, learning. *precepts*, rules for action. *of*, contained in. 15. Whose words, thoughts, and deeds have no tinge of sin. 16. Whose body and mind are both pure. 17. Who are never greedy 18, 19. When great men fight in a just cause. 21. And even as they die, they speak the truth. *undaunted by*, fearless of. 23. *illumined*, made bright. *beacon*, signal-fires on hill or pole. Their glorious lives act like a signal-fire and guide their fellow-beings in their path of life and make them act right. *endeared*, made dear. 28. *more than kin*, dearer than relations. *wisely meek*, with gentleness and wisdom. *scorn*, abstain from. 31. *that*, in order that. *rage*, violent anger. 30. Who act diligently and in such a manner that other men may cease to have angry feelings or hatred. 32. *lure*, tempt. *embittered*, bitter, relentless. 32. And gently induce even the bitterest enemy to be on friendly terms with them. *obey*, verb to 'who.' *earnest, faithful* adv. to 'pray.' 35. *these*, persons described above. *bounteous*, very charitable.

VI. KING ARTHUR'S DYING SPEECH

The extract is from Lord Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur*. These words were spoken by King Arthur, as he was dying, to his knight, Sir Bedivere.

Arthur was a great British King. Many accounts are given of his birth and parentage. At the proper time, he was proclaimed as the rightful heir of Uther and crowned king. He bound together his loyal knights by holy vows and brought into being the famous order of knights of the Round Table.

In the end, Arthur and his treacherous nephew Modred fought a single combat, in which Modred was killed; but Arthur also received a mortal wound. Before death, however, Arthur insisted on returning his sword Excalibur to the lonely maiden of the Lake and charged Sir Bedivere with that duty, who after some wavering, did his task and pleased Arthur.

There came a dark barge across the lake to take Arthur into it. Three queens with crowns of gold were in it and they put forth their hands and took him and wept.

1. *Answered*, replied. *barge*, ornamental vessel. *order*, arrangement of things. *yielding place*, giving way. 3. And God carries out his plans one way in one age; another in another time, and so on. 4. *One good custom*, usage established for a long time, good in itself. *corrupt*, take away from the world all its charms, and keep it back from change and progress. 5. *What etc.*, how can I console you? 9. *Wrought*, achieved. These fine lines on the need for prayer (9-17), are often quoted. 12. *What*, how, 13. *blind*, thoughtless. 'without the light of reason.' *lift not etc.*, do not pray. 17. According to ancient mythology, the earth was bound by a golden chain to the throne of Jupiter on Mount Olympus. 21. *Avilion*, valley near Glastonbury where Joseph of Arimathea landed with the Holy Grail. Lines 22-25 describe the island-valley. *crowned with summer sea*, adopted from a line in Homer: 'there is an island round

which the sea lies like a crown.' 'As one looks up the valley, one sees the summer sea shining between and above the trees, at the horizon'. 26. Where I shall see that my deep wound is healed.

VII. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

This poem was written by Thomas Campbell. The subject is simple and interesting; the situation dramatic; the scenery, grand; and the crisis pathetic. We pity both the lovers, the father, and, not least, the brave ferry-man.

Lines 1-16, *Chieftain*, chief of Ulva, a small island on the west side of Mull (west of Scotland), *Highlands*, the northern, mountainous part of Scotland. *bound*, travelling towards. *do not tarry*, make no delay to come. *silver pound*, a pound weight of silver. *ferry*, place where a boat regularly carries passengers across a river. 5. *Who be ye*, who are you. Understand 'who' before 'would'. Lines 5 and 6 are spoken by the ferry man. *Loch*, a Gaelic word meaning a lake or a narrow arm of the sea. 6. The line is in app. with Lochgyle. Lines 7 to 16 are spoken by the Chieftain. *Ulva*, an island off the west coast of Scotland, west of Mull. *fast* quickly. *before*, pursued by. *we've*, we have. 11. *should*, if he should. *glen*, narrow valley. *heather*, a low shrub growing thickly on the moors of Scotland. *should he find etc.*, if he should overtake us in this valley, I am sure to be slain. 13. *hard etc.*, close behind us. *hard*, may also mean 'strenuously'. *ride hard behind us*: 'hard' may refer to 'ride', or to 'behind us', *bonny*, (often used in Scotch poetry), pretty. *cheer*, comfort. Lines 18-24 are spoken by the boatman. *hardly*, accustomed to brave danger. *Highland wight*, Highlander. *wight*, man. *It* (l. 19), my going. *for*, to gain. *for*, to save. *winsome*, charming. *by my word*, I promise you. *bird*, maiden. *danger*, the danger you speak of. 23. Though the waves are breaking into foam at the tops. *By this*, as these words were spoken. *apace*, swiftly. *water-wraith*: here is

a reference to the Scottish belief that dangerous places on lakes and rivers are haunted by evil spirits, called kelpies and that they delight to see men drowned. 27. *in the scowl of heaven*, as the clouds in the skies became lowering. *drearier*, more gloomy. *adown*, downward from. *armed men*, the men sent out by Lord Ullin to seize the Chief. 37. Both before and behind, the storm is blowing violently. 39. The storm was so violent that men could not row against it. 40. She was caught in the storm. 42. The waters very quickly got the upper hand over the boatman. The boat could no longer float. *prevailing*, becoming too strong for the men. 43, 44. The distress is so great that the poet tells the crisis in two broken sentences without any connection or without using any conjunction. 44. Instead of continuing to be very angry, he began to weep. *sore*, greatly. *shade*, dark. *discover*, catch sight of. 51. *your*, whom you love, for whom you are dying. 53. *It* etc., all his cry was in vain; and his pardon was also of no good. 54. preventing the return of the chief and his bride, preventing Lord Ullin from giving them aid. 55. His daughter sank down beneath the waves.

VIII. AND SHALL TRALAWNEY DIE ?

Severe laws had been passed in England against Roman Catholics and Dissenters, which forbade them to follow their own methods of worship. James II, King of England, a staunch Catholic, issued a Declaration of Indulgence, which did away with these laws. He ordered it to be read by the clergy in their Churches. Archbishop Sancroft, Sir Jonathan Trelawney, and five other Bishops presented a petition to the king, asking him to withdraw the Declaration. James resented this and in 1688, ordered the Bishops to be sent to the Tower of London, and to be tried for publishing a libel. In the end, the bishops were acquitted.

Sir Jonathan Trelawney was Bishop of Bristol. Directly he

was seized and sent to the Tower, thousands of miners and peasants started to walk to London to see their popular Bishop set free, and they turned back only when they heard that he was acquitted.

Lines 1-4. We have each a good sword, a faithful hand, and a heart which is cheerful. *true*, loyal to our pledge—which is, to set free our bishop. 3. *men*, officers. *shall understand*, we'll make them understand what we, Cornish men, can do. *Cornish*, of Cornwall. *do*, achieve. 5. *they*, James's men. *the where etc.*, where the Bishops are to be put to death and when. 7. *Here's here are*. 8. *will know*, who are determined to know. *reason why*, why Trelawney is to be executed. 10. *wight*, (archaic) person. 11. *were etc.*, were only as strong as the castle of St. Michael, Mount's Bay, Cornwall—which we consider to be very strong. 13. *land to land*, from one bank to the other. 14. *is no stay*, cannot hinder us. These rivers have to be crossed by the men to get to London? 15. *one and all* jointly and severally. This is a Cornish Motto. *hand in hand*, all firmly united together to redeem our pledge. *bid us nay*, refuse our demand. *here's, here are*. *good, brave*. *keep, tower*. stronghold. *hold*, fortified place; also, custody. 22. They may slay Trelawney.

IX. ROSABELLE

This ballad or song is taken from Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* Canto VI.

Roslin, a castle, south of Edinburgh, belonging to the St. Clairs. It stood on the south of the Firth of Forth. *Ravensheuch* (pronounced Raven-shoo), another castle standing on the northern side. Both castles belonged to the family of St. Clair. The head of the family was called the Baron of Roslin; and his principal residence for a long time was Ravensheuch.

Lines 1 to 4 are spoken by the Minstrel. *ladies*, Duchess of Newark and her ladies. *haughty*, proud, noble. *fate of arms*, deeds done by a warrior. *tell, narrate*. *feat*, obj. to 'tell.'

soft, gentle. *lay*, song. *sad*, mournful. *mourns*, grieves for. Lines 5-16. The speaker here is a friend of the Roslin family. *moor*, (verb) keep fixed to the shore by rope. *barge*, a large boat. *gallant*, brave, fearless. *ladve*, (archaic spelling). The spelling reminds us that we are reading a tale of the olden days. *ladye*. Rosabelle. 7. *Thece*, used reflexively. In prose, it would be simply 'Rest.' *nor tempt*, and do not try to cross. *stormy*, which is so rough now. The sky is clouded and the waters also look dark. *blackening*, growing black. *edged with white*, has white foam on its crest. *inch*, a Gaelic word for island. *sea-mews*, sea-gulls. *fly*, for protection. 11. *water-sprite*, spirit living in water which, the Highlanders believed, gave warning by shrieks and groans of the destruction of ships and the men on board. *fishers*, fishermen. *forebode*, predicted. *that wreck is nigh*, that some boat will soon be wrecked. 13. *gifted*, who has the skill to see future events. *Seer*, lit. one who sees; a prophet. *did view*, saw. *shroud*, a sheet in which a dead body is wrapt. *swathed*, wrapt. *ladye gay*, fair lady form; he perhaps did not see Rosabelle herself. *Then*, for these reasons. *fair*, (adj. used as noun), fair lady. Stay in Ravensheuch. *firth*, firth of Forth: note all the reasons given by the friend why Rosabelle should not cross the firth that day, and why she should stay back in Ravensheuch. The friend speaks in lines 5-16. Rosabelle answers in lines 17-24. Lines 17-24. 'Tis, it is. *Roslin*, on the south of the firth. *Rosabelle*, is at Ravensheuch, on the north. 18. Though she does not admit it, it must be partly the reason to return. *ball*, dance. *leads the ball*, 'opens the ball by leading the dance.' *lonely*, alone. *ride the ring*, correctly, ride *at* the ring. In this trial of skill, a ring was hung from a beam, resting on two upright posts and the players who rode at full speed at it, tried to carry it off on the point of their lance. 21, 22. Today they ride at the ring and Lindesay is sure to ride well and carry off the prize. But it is not to see this that I wish to go to Roslin. *chide*, grumble at, find fault with. *that*, because. *it* in l. 24, the goblet. *Fill'd*, poured into.

his cup, from the goblet which had been filled. Note the two reasons for her going to Roslin which she would not admit; and the two reasons she assigns for her motive to go. 26. *wondrous*, wonderful, mysterious. *blaze*, light (supernatural). *that night*, during that night. *gleam*, shine faintly. *ruddied*, reddened. *glen*, narrow valley. *copse*, low wood, wood containing small trees. *It*, (l. 31), the blaze; near to Roslin are Dryden House and Hawthornden. The latter stands on the banks of the Esk and beneath it are caverns hewn out of the rock. *Dryden House*, south of Roslin. *caverned*, with caves below. 33, 34. That proud chapel, where Roslin's chiefs lie uncoffin'd, seemed all on fire. There was a superstition that, whenever a St. Clair was about to die, Roslin Chapel would appear to be in flames. *Baron*, nom. absolute. *panoply*, full armour. *sable*, dark. Each baron lying in the vault was covered in a complete suit of armour, which was intended to serve as a shroud. 38. *sacristy*, room where the sacred robes and vessels were kept. *deep*, far-extending. *altar's pale*, enclosure in which the altar was. *foliage-bound*, with bands of leaves carved on it. Prose order: Every pillar shone foliage-bound, and all the dead men's mail glimmered. *pinnet*, pinnacle, point on the roof. *battlement*, 'a raised part of a fortress wall, intended to shelter soldiers shooting behind it.' *buttress*, an external support for masonry. 43. *still*, yet, when death approaches a member of the high family of St. Clair. 46. *proud*, glorious. *chapelle*, French form of 'chapel.' *who lie buried*. *hold*, contain. The holy vault doth hold each one: each vault holding a Baron. 50. The ceremonies observed on the death of a Roman Catholic; carrying of lighted candles in the funeral procession, the reading of the funeral service from the service-book, and the tolling of bells. 49-52. At the death of every St. Clair, candles were lighted, bells tolled, and prayers were read. But in the case of Rosabelle, as she was drowned, wild winds raged over her watery grave. *dirge*, funeral hymn or lament, so called from Lat. *dirige*, the first word of Psalm v. 8, with which the funeral office commenced.

X. CAPTAIN SCOTT

Captain Scott and his gallant companions left England in the *Terra Nova* in June 1910 to discover the South Pole. They sailed on, arrived in New Zealand and left it on November 29th. Advance parties were sent, and stores of food were placed at intervals. In December the Polar plateau was reached. Then some members returned to the winter quarters. The final party consisted of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, Captain Oates, Lieutenant Bowers, and Seaman Evans. They were yet 145 miles distant from the Pole. After going through considerable hardships, the party reached the Pole on January 17th 1912: but they were disappointed to find that a party headed by a Norwegian named Captain Amundsen had already been at the Pole and that Amundsen had left it just a month before.

The long journey back was commenced. Difficulties faced them very severely. In February Evans fell ill and died. The cold became more and more intense. Captain Oates suffered from severe frostbite and in March, to avoid delaying his brave companions, he walked out into the blizzard and there was an end of him.

On March 21st, Captain Scott with Wilson and Bowers reached a point, 11 miles from One-ton Camp. A camp was made. They had no food. They could not go further on account of a terrific blizzard. They died and their bodies were discovered by a search party on November 12th, 1912.

1. 2. Scotts' party resolved to reach the distant South Pole, not with the purpose of gaining fame. *that crowns etc.*, which a heroic action brings to a person. *fixed etc.*, fearlessly aimed at reaching that far-off destination. *steadfast*, steady, unwavering. *of purpose*, in pursuit of their aim. *at need*, when it was necessary to do so. *give their lives*, die. *for toll*, as a charge payable for permission to pass a barrier. 5. To secure benefits for fellow-man. *fared*, travelled (used in this sense only by poets). *probe*, explore. *jealous*, watchfully holding her secrets.

and showing them only to such as take great pains and risk their lives for them. *yields*, gives up. *prize*, reward. *wage*, pay. *worth*, merit. *proven*, archaic (poetic) form of 'proved'; of which they gave proof. 9. *writ*, written, for all etc., for the information of mankind. *task*, discovering the South Pole. *achieved*, gained. *homeward*, i.e., back to London. *half*, because they perished on the way. 11. Though they lie buried in snow, *pall*, cloth spread over coffin. They performed the task they had set for themselves and returned half way from the Pole. Though they died on the way back and were buried in snow, the record of their fearless deeds is as bright and clear as if the sun which stands for all times shines on it and illumines it. 13. *heart*, of Scott. *pure*, not alloy, genuine. *finest*, pure, refined. 13. Men of genuine greatness. *example*, model set to future generations. *sons*, children and grand children, posterity. *birthright*, rights to which they are born. *from of old*, from olden days or times. *Too proud* etc., so proud of the achievements of their fathers that they would not shed tears for their sad deaths. *heirs*, in app. with 'sons'. *Island Race* race of Britishers. Students will note that this fine poem was written by Mr. Owen Seaman, Editor for many years of the well-known, humorous English Magazine *Punch*.

XI. RAMA'S NOBLE CONDUCT

This metrical translation of Valmiki's *Ramayana* was made by Prof. Griffith, of Benares College. Lines 1-26, *Yea*, archaic for 'yes'; for the sake of my father's promise. 2. I will retire into forest. *exile*, person banished from a country; in app with *I.* in hermit dress, dressed like a hermit, living a life of retirement, 'far in a wild, unknown to public view.' 7. *scourge*, whip. *as of old*, as before. 9. Do not get angry. 13. How can I fail to act according to his pleasure? 14. He is not only my father, but also my friend, master and king. *mandate*, command. *Thy Bharat*, your son Bharat. *Dandak*, Dandaka. The great-

wood in the south belonged to Dandaka (*Dandakaranya*). Lines 27-60. Line 29. Touched his feet as a mark of obeisance. 30. very undeserving of being honoured. 31. Rama went round his father and his step-mother. 33. Content to become an exile. *rule of earth*, rule of Ayodhya which was his. *spurned*, rejected with contempt. *ruled etc.*, controlled his passion. *weighed*, pressed. 43. See any mark, in his face, of his fall from a prince to a hermit. *gathered folk*, people who were assembled there, *peer equal*. *secret*, which he did not disclose to others. *dire*, terrible. 57. So he was resolved not to show his grief before others.

XII. THE CHIEF OF POKURNA

The Lord of Pokurna was the most wealthy and the most powerful of all the baronies of Marwar, in Rajputana. His castle and estate were in the very heart of the desert. It is a family which has often shaken the foundation of the throne of Marwar. Deo Sing often boasted, 'The throne of Marwar is within the sheath of my dagger.' 2. At day-break, 4. Lay concealed in wood in wait for, *couchant*, in couching attitude, *They*, the twenty armed men. 6. They look eagerly and intently, *owards*, in the direction of, *glade*, open space in forest, *naught*, nothing. *uplands*, elevations of the country, *dun*, of dull greyish brown. This stanza tells of the armed men lying in wait to take by surprise the chief of Pokurna. They kept looking towards the distant plain and saw nothing but the golden corn, the misty hills, leaves rustling, deer trampling, and birds chirping. stanza 2. *ravine*, deep narrow gorge. 20. carried by the morning breeze. 22. They might not breathe freely. *clutched*, seized *brands*, swords. *quarry*, intended victim, *in view*, in sight. Stanza 3. *Attended*, *riding*, unconscious, with a brave *gerfalcon* and *bugle* refer to 'Pokurna's lord.' 27. Not knowing that, on his way, armed men were lying in wait for him. *falcon* (pronounced *fawkn*) small bird of prey. If the

chief of Pokurna had any foes to fear, he would have been 'clad in steel,' *from head to heel*, from head to foot; (*cap-a-pie* pronounced *pē*). 34. arrayed in rich satin, *trusty*, faithful. This stanza tells how the chief of Pokurna is riding without the least suspicion of the foe lying in ambush to seize him. *soar*, fly high. *strike*, i.e., his prey. *far*, from his city. 39. *guise* (*giz*), appearance, *nor dreams of*, and has not the remotest thought of. 41. *All sudden*, quite suddenly the enemy rose from his ambush with eyes indicating desire to take vengeance, arms clad in steel, with spears, and with bows ready to be bent. *blade*, sword. *hemmed*, surrounded. *darkly*, in the dark. *plucked*, pulled out. Lines 49-56. These lines describe how the king of Marwar stood, when Pokurna's lord was brought before him as a captive. *gorgeous*, dazzling. *begirt*, surrounded. *peer*, nobleman. *To pay their homage*, to formally acknowledge their allegiance. *sovereign*, obj. in app. with 'lord'. 57. This shows how meanly the lord of Pokurna was treated. *hostile ring*, circle of enemies. *With dauntless look*, fearlessly. *angry King*, king of Marwar. *thus*, boasted haughtily. 63, 64. I have only to draw my sword and the King of Marwar perishes. 66. *King*, in app. with 'King' in l. 65. *he had defied*, adj. cl. to 'King.' *nor quailed*, and did not tremble. *princely glance*, look of his suzerain. *nor vailed*, and did not lower his pride and dignity. *brow of pride*, proud look. 69. Though men with fiery eyes looked savagely at him, with anger and with hatred. 73. *monarch*, King of Marwar. *accents*, words. Lines 75 to 80 were spoken by the King of Marwar to the Chief of Pokurna. 'Treacherous vassal, you have been speaking of me with insolence and keen hatred. At last, you are in my clutches. Would you still boast, as you used to do when surrounded by your fighting men? would you point out to me now the sheath which, you said, held the fate of Mrawar?' 81. The lord of Pokurna turned with a harsh look and laughed loud and long. *loftily*, haughtily. 85. *it*, my sword. 86. in Pokurna. *False*, treacherous. *tremble*, shake with fear. *he* in l. 87, my son. *avenge*, take vengeance on you. *fall*, death.

XIII. OUR CASUARINA TREE

This poem was written by Toru Dutt (1856-1877), one of the most gifted writers of Bengal. She had her education in London and Paris and wrote in both languages with charm and dignity. She died in her twenty first year.

Lines 1-22. *Python*, a large snake that crushes its prey and swallows it. *indented*, cut into points like teeth. *near the stars*, which is lofty. The prose order is : A creeper climbs like a huge python, winding round and round the rugged trunk, indented deep with scars. No other tree (but the casuarina) could live, bound in the embraces of the creeper. *bound*, clasped. *gallantly*, bravely, like a knight. *giant*, the casuarina tree. *scarf*, long narrow cloth or silk worn over shoulders or round neck. *clusters*, bunches. 10. *that etc.*, that does not appear to come to an end. *darkling*, (adv.) in the dark (archaic). *repose*, are asleep. *casement*, poetic for window. *wide open thrown*, thrown open wide. *crest*, top. *baboon*, large monkey. *statue-like*, without moving at all. *puny*, weak, feeble. *offspring*, young ones (of the monkey). *kokilas*, birds that sing sweet songs. *hail the day*, they sing at sunrise and appear to welcome the day. 19. And our sleepy cows march along. *hoar*, that had stood long. *vast*, huge. *enmassed*, gathered into a mass. In the second stanza, note how Toru brings in pleasantly the baboon, its offspring, the kokilas, cows, and the water-lily.

Lines 23-33. The Casuarina is dear to my soul, not because of its magnificence, but because we have played beneath it. *years may roll*, many years may pass. *for your sakes*, for you, my companions. *blent*, mingled. *dirge*, song of mourning. In lines 23-29, the poet calls back pleasing old memories of her companions and herself playing together under this tree. *eerie*, weird, unearthly. *haply* (adv.), an archaic word for 'perhaps.' The poet next speaks of the tree's mournful song and tells us that she has heard similar weird cries in Italy and France. *wraith*, spirit. 40. *when all nature was quiet and soundless*.

vision, sight. *happy prime*, early years of my life, when I was very happy. *native clime*, land of my birth. 45. *Therefore*, because of the beautiful appearance of the tree and the shelter it gives to birds and bees ; because the baboon, its young ones, and kokilas visit it at dawn. *fain*, very gladly. *consecrate*, devote. *lay*, song. *unto thy honour*, in honour of you, to honour you. 46. *of*, by. 47. Who now rest for ever in their graves. *deathless*, never dying. *Borrowdale* (l. 50), a valley in the English Lake district, made dear to all lovers of English literature, by the fact that Wordsworth lived in it and was happy and made all his numerous visitors happy. Lines 52 and 53 are quoted from Wordsworth. 53. Though the verse I have composed is weak. *rehearse*, recite. 55. *Love*, my love for you. *defend etc.*, save you from being forgotten. *from Oblivion's curse*, from being disregarded and forgotten.

XIV. THE DAFFODILS

This beautiful poem was written by Wordsworth in 1804. His sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, speaks of a long belt of daffodils, about the breadth of a country turnpike road, some of which 'tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake.' They were growing on the banks of Ullswater. Lines 21 and 22 were written by Mrs. Wordsworth, and thought by Wordsworth to be the two best lines in the poem.

Daffodils are yellow flowers, growing about a foot and a half from the ground.

Lines 1-12. *lonely*, by myself. *when*, and then. *host*, large number. Learn the use of *host*. It means (1) army (2) one who entertains another (3) landlord of inn (4) bread made sacred (to God) in Eucharist. The language of Wordsworth is very simple. The student must try and imagine the scene. Pictures of this may be seen in Illustrated Editions of Wordsworth's poems. 8. *milky way*, also called 'the galaxy': a

broad, luminous zone in the sky, caused by the light of numerous fixed stars. *margin*, edge, border. *at a glance*, viewing them for just a moment. *sprightly*, lively, brisk. 13. *waves*, that is, on the bay. *they*, the daffodils. *out-did*, excelled. *glee*, mirth and gaiety. *but*, in l. 13 is a conj.; in l. 15, 'but be' means help being. *jocund*, merry. 16. With such a merry companion by his side. *but little thought*, had not dreamed. *show*, view. *wealth*, of joy, immediate and permanent. 20. 'either thinking of nothing at all or full of sad thoughts' (Fraser). *pensive*, sad, plunged in thought. 21. *they*, the daffodils, *bliss of solitude*, happiness that a man enjoys when he is alone. *with pleasure fills*, is full of mirth. *my heart dances*, I am happy. *inward eye*, the power of the mind to bring up images of what it has seen.

XV. SHAMEFUL DEATH

This poem was written by William Morris (1834-96). It first appeared in *The defence of Guenevere and other Poems*, which was published in 1858.

The speaker describes how his brother, Lord Hugh, was seized from behind, pinioned fast and hanged.

Lines 1-12. *That bed*, the bed of Sir Hugh. *mass-priest*, the Catholic priest who celebrates the Eucharist. The priest was there to say mass for Sir Hugh's soul. 2, 3, and 4 tell where myself, Sir Hugh's mother, his bride, and the priest stood around him. *open*, as opposed to 'closed.' *wide*, fully. Stanza 2 tells when Sir Hugh died. 10. He breathed his last. *merely*, simply. 16. *came in*, was brought. 17. *cord*, by which he was hanged. 19. He did not fight for his life. *recreants*, cowards. *behind*, behind Sir Hugh. *hornbeam*, a hedgerow tree; a low bush planted for providing a hedge or fence. *right hard*, very difficult; notwithstanding the safe position in which Sir Hugh was, Sir John's men traced him and caught him. *pinion*, bind the arms of a person to the sides to prevent his escape. *Fen*, marshy tract of land. *dolorous*, sad. *blast*, strong

gust. Sir John and Sir Guy had their surnames from their possessions—the marshy land of which one was master, and the strong winds that flew in the vast stretch of open country which belonged to the other. *score*, twenty. Sir John, Sir Guy, and their seventy followers hanged Lord Hugh.

Lines 31-46. *long ago*, long before this, after he had done the murderous deed. *on a summer day*, one day in summer. *took his life away*, slew him. *glad*, because I had long wished to take vengeance on him for the murder of my brother. 37. I am now seventy years old and am very weak. 40. When it was dark and cloudy. *slew*, killed. 44. I beg that you will pray to God on behalf of Sir Hugh. *prey* (second), infinitive. 45. He was a man of good and knightly qualities and never failed to be true to his word.

XVI. ON THE WAYS OF GOD

Ferdausi, from whose Persian Epic this extract has been rendered into English verse was a great Persian poet. He is usually called the 'Homer of Persia. His *Shah Nama* or Book of Kings is a wonderfully great book.

The poem was translated by Sir John Malcolm, a great authority on the History of Persia.

Lines 1 to 12. *Hail*, greeting. 2. who gave man life. 3, 4. And gave him reason to guide him on his dark path. 5. *of life*, of all living beings. *Lord*, understood before the second *of*. 6. Who is the fountain-head of all light. *design*, condescend. *wondrous*, wonderful. *grace*, kindness or mercy of God. *salvation's path*, way by which one can be saved from sin and its consequences. *from*, out of. *Prose order*: 'who hast, from wondrous grace, deigned to show salvation's path.' *Creator*, nom. of address. *arch*, arched roof, the sky, the vault of Heaven. 11, 12. The light that we receive from the sun, moon, and stars, was borrowed by them from God's dazzling light. *effulgence*, radiant light.

Lines 13-24. Man knows nothing of your name, your form, and where you live. *frail beings*, weak men. 15, 16. *veil*. curtain. A curtain hangs between where God is and where man is; so that all knowledge of God is a mystery to man. 18. He who has permitted man to look over a wide range has wisely refused to give him the skill with which to learn His mysterious ways. 23. *earthly bound*, limits of earth 24. He whom all of us obey, dwells in a place which is far, far away from the farthest boundary of earth.

25-32. Do you wish, with the powerful help of reason that God has given you, to penetrate into and find out His great design? *wretch*. miserable person. 27-28. Can the miserable person who was created by God's breath mark out limits to His power? 29. *weak*, feeble. *man*, nom. of address. *erring*, liable, by nature, to make mistakes. *thy duty here*, what you have to do on earth is. 30. To show your gratitude to Him. 31. To indicate your reverence for God's wisdom. 32. And seek to understand no more about Him.

XVII. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

This fine piece was written by Thomas Campbell, during his visit to Germany in 1800. It was perhaps suggested to him by the scenes he witnessed in the Napoleonic wars.

Lines 1 to 12. *Sang truce*, gave the signal for the fighting to cease. *truce*, obj. of 'sang.' *night-cloud*, the darkness of night. *lower* has two senses and is pronounced differently. As the verbal form of 'low' *adj.*, it means 'let down' or fall. As *lour* or *lower* (*low'r*), it means 'to frown.' Some think that the word is used here in one sense, and others, in the other. *for etc.*, for night had set in. *sentinel*, one who keeps watch. The stars stationed themselves in the sky to guard over the earth. *set their watch*, began to keep watch (till the sun returned). *thousands*, of French and Austrian soldiers. *overpowered*, exhausted (by fatigue or wounds). *weary*, adj. used as a noun,

nom. abs. to 'sinking' understood; similarly, 'wounded.' Those who were only fatigued sank down to sleep and rest; those who were wounded lay down to die. *pallet*, poor bed. (Note that *palate* means roof of mouth; *palette*, artist's flat tablet for mixing colours on). *wolf-scaring*, frightening the wolves away (which prowled round the battle-field). *faggot*, bundle of sticks. *that guarded*, which protected the dead bodies from being eaten. *dead of the night*, midnight, the most silent hour of the day. 9. *methought*, it seemed to me. *far far*, very far. *track*, road. *fathers*, ancestors. *of my fathers*, where my forefathers had lived. *That* in l. 12, refers to 'home.' *flew*, in my dream. (note fly, flew, flown; flee, fled, fled). *traversed etc.*, which I had passed through so often. 15. When I was young. *bosom etc.*, same as *when etc.* When I was young, and was filled with the hopes and desires of youth. *aloft*, high up on the mountain-side. *strain*, song. This sweet song of the harvester has been referred to again and again by poets. Wordsworth speaks about it in his *The Solitary Reaper*, and Scott in his *Marmion*. 17. Then we drank to each other's health. *fulness of heart*, as her heart was full of gladness and gratitude at my safe return home. *fain*, glad. *war-broken*, whose health had become shattered by the hardships of war. 22. And the war-broken soldier was fain to stay. 23. But when the day dawned and my dream was over, my miseries began again. *dreaming ear*, transferred epithet. 24. And I ceased to hear the sweet words of my wife and children. *melted away*, ceased to be heard.

XVIII. YUSSOUF

This poem was written by J. R. Lowell, an American poet (1819–1891).

Yussouf, an Arab chief. *saying*, and said. *Behold etc.*, here I am. *outcast*, one who is cast out of society. *in dread*, in fear that he will be put to death when he is caught. *bow of*

power, the forces of one in power. *bow is bent*, the forces are ready; there will be no delay. 4. Who flies and flies and cannot find a place where he may be safe. *where to lay his head*, a place of safety. *through*, among, Lines 7-13. Yussouf's reply to Ibrahim's petition. 8. Note Yussouf's modesty and humility; he says that his tent is as much God's as it is his. *be at peace*, you have no reason to fear. *freely*, without any restraint. *partake of*, take a share of. 10-12. As I freely partake of all God's stores. *roof*, sky. 12. none who knocked at His door was ever turned out. *nay*, archaic for 'no.' *ere day*, before the day dawned. *for thy flight*, to carry you away. *spy*, search inquisitively into. *Day* is here a person who 'searches into and plunders the secrets of the night.' 16. Before the light of the sun becomes bright enough to reveal your presence. *nor grows less*, and does not become diminished, when another lamp has been kindled from it. So one generous action makes the man who receives the favour also generous and prompts him to act gratefully. *enkindles*, excites. 19, 20. Ibrahim had conquered his selfish desire to live. He is now quite willing to die for his crime towards Yussouf. *Inward light*, the light of a noble determination to conquer self. *which shines*, adj. cl. to 'light.' 19. made the face grand. *Sheik*, chief. *so*, as you have resolved. You have shown me a great kindness. I will pay it back, not with gold, but by a confession. 27. *my one black thought*, my one steady thought of taking vengeance on you. *shall ride away*, shall no longer be cherished by me. It will fly away with you and will never come back to me. *first-born*, nom. of address. Yussouf addresses his first-born child who had been slain by Ibrahim. *yearn, grieve* eagerly. *God's decrees*, the decisions of God. *balanced*: the account of wrong and right is balanced perfectly justly and exactly. Ibrahim, the murderer, was pursued by armed men; he was never safe, he was always in fear, he could get no shelter. So he returned and sought safety from the very person whose son he had killed. *Thou art avenged*, vengeance has been taken for your murder. I have *forgiven* Ibrahim. It

is a greater and nobler action than vengeance. *Sleep in peace,* you may now have your repose.

XIX. DARA

This must not be confounded with Tennyson's poem '*Dora*.' Lines 1 to 4 mean that the Persian empire was decaying, that foes from far were invading it, and that the king was very weak. *wilt*, wither, droop. *harem*, part of the palace where the women live; here, the wives and concubines of the king. *heat*, sexual excitement. 1. 2. made weak, spending his time always in the company of his women. *hand*, of the king. *hovered over*, invaded. *vulture*, large bird of prey *ills*, evils. Just as a vulture snuffs a decaying dead body from a distance, comes to it, tears it to pieces, and preys on it, even so, as the Persian Empire became weaker and weaker foreign foes invaded it and seized large portions of it. *trembled*, the king was weak and could not hold the sceptre firmly. *balanced*, firm and steady. *of etc.* who was a native of. *fleecy subjects*, sheep. The man who ruled over his sheep carefully and kept them well. *fold*, enclosure for sheep. *self-same*, exactly the same. *spell*, power. *by slow etc.*, slowly and wisely. *sway*, control, rule. *neighbour*, neighbouring, adjacent. *order returned*, the villages gained back their old order. *fortuned*, happened. *endue*, clothe. *with brain etc.*: it was *worked* into carefully and necessary action was *thought of* and carried out. 15. He looked on all sides to find brave and just men. *praise*, reputation. 17. in app. with 'praise.' How he used the wisdom of the men of olden times and improved the things entrusted to his care. *satrap*, governor of a province in ancient Persia. *satrapy*, the province of a governor. *gave in trust*, committed to his care. *shepherded*, ruled, just as a shepherd rules over his flock of sheep. 20. He was not more proud of ruling a country than of tending his sheep. *crook*, hooked staff of a shepherd. 21. There are

more envious men in cities than on mountains. *bare*, without vegetation. Just as the sun brings out poisonous gases from low, marshy places, straight-forward men cause, by their honest actions, low men to spring up. *marish*, marshy. *hissed*, whispered. 25. And in a very short time, the king was told secretly. 27. *up*, adv. to 'sucked.' *sucked up*, brought out. *squeezed*, got by pressure and force. *behest*, command. 29. more wealth than he had got for his king, went to fill up his own coffers. 31. *for proof*, in evidence of which. 32. The chest was so heavy that the camel which carried it shrank under its weight, *went with*, accompanied. *mortal eye*, man. *save*, except. 33, 34. Dara alone knew what was within; it had never been opened and seen by any one else. *sheen*, brightness. 37. *straight*, archaic for 'at once.' *as was fit*, as it was proper to do so. *train*, band of followers. *with archers circled*, surrounded by bowmen. 42. The king looked angry when he saw the 'camel with the chest on it'; for it was now obvious that Dara was a guilty man, and that rumour had spoken true. 43. *open me*, open for me. *worn*, used, ragged. *vest*, garment. *blushed*, felt shame. *rude vestments*, poor clothes. *leal*, loyal. *unstained*, pure. 53. And carry calmly all the gifts that one is lucky enough to obtain. 54 which, however, in the case of other men, tempt them to be false. *reel*, stand unsteadily. 55, 56. I should have no power to rule my province wisely, if I cannot control myself. 57. So long as I am able to control myself, I cannot go wrong. *sceptre*, control; nom. absolute to 'being kept.' *dew*, tear. *royal eyes*, eyes of the king. In a few hours more, the king made Dara viceroy over two more provinces.

XX. TENNYSON'S ODE ON WELLINGTON

These little extracts are taken from Tennyson's Ode on Wellington. The Duke of Wellington was buried beside Lord Nelson on November 18, 1852. This poem was published on the day of the funeral.

Lines 1 to 3. The spirit of Nelson questions the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington. *a nation*, the whole nation without a single man dissenting. *breaking on*, disturbing. Nelson's genial qualities are brought out in this question. *Seaman*, Nelson. 5. *was great, who was* as great. Who had as great a reputation for fighting on land as you had for fighting by sea. *muffled*, covered up so as to render sound dull. *worthy of*, deserving. *laid by thee*, buried by your side. 18. The Duke never lost a battle. The Duke once told Lord Ellesmere that he did not think he ever lost a gun in his life. It is true that some guns were taken by the enemy, but they were invariably recovered. *taint*, stain. *craven*, cowardly. *guile*, deceit. *silver coasted*, probably refers to the chalk cliffs of England. *isle*, England. *The Baltic*: The Battle of Copenhagen in 1801, which Nelson gained. *The Nile*, at the Battle of the Nile, 1798. Nelson destroyed the French fleet. 23. *That here befell*, that happened on earth. *touch*, affect. *there*, beyond the grave. *move*, stir up your feelings. 26. Rejoice, for he is being buried by your side, England's greatest soldier by the side of England's mighty Seaman, 'the greatest sailor since our world began.'

XXI. SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

This poem was written by Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861). It is a philosophical poem. It tells us to persevere in spite of difficulties. What we have to remember, the poet says, is that we are not solitary workers, but parts of one great whole. Though we may seem to make little progress, yet the work of the whole goes on towards the appointed goal.

1. Do not say that perseverance is of no good. *naught availeth*, is of no use. 2. That we work hard and get wounded without profit to ourselves. 3. The enemy does not get dispirited and is defeated. 4. Things remain only in the same condition as before. 5. *dupes*, deceivers. If hopes have proved false, fears

may prove to be equally so. 6. Probably, concealed in the smoke you see before you. *concealed*, without their being seen by you. *comrades*, companions. *chase*, pursue. *fier*, retreating enemy. It may be that you are prevented by the smoke from the guns from seeing far. Your army as a whole is perhaps gaining the victory.

The third stanza illustrates the position. *vainly*, without visible results. *breaking*, lashing. *to gain no inch*, to advance no further. *painful inch*, Transferred epithet. It is the effort to gain the inch that is painful.

Creeks, narrow inlets, encroaching on the land. *the main*, the open sea. *making*, making its way, advancing.

In the third stanza, life is compared to the incoming tide, whose waters are trying to gain ground all along the shore. Though, at one place, no progress seems to be made, the tide creeps on in another place, till at last it will have advanced everywhere. 13. The light of the sun comes in, at day break, not only by the windows in the east. Prose order : When day-light comes, the light comes in not only by eastern windows. 15. The sun climbs up the sky slowly ; to be sure, very slowly. But if you look to the west, you will see the light spreading there also and gradually brightening the land.

XXII. THE TIGER

I. *Tiger*, nom. of address. *forests of the night*, dark, gloomy forests. *burning bright*, with glittering eyes. *immortal*, who does not die. *fearful*, causing fear. *symmetry*, a right proportion between different parts. *frame*, construct. The poet thinks that before the Creator created anything he must first have had an idea or pattern in his mind. 3, 4. What Power was able to conceive the tiger with his burning eyes ? 5. *deeps*, pits, abysses. *dare*, past tense. *On what wings*, with what speed and power. *fire*, inspiration. Who had the courage to act on such an inspiration ? *shoulder*, that is of great strength. *sinews*,

muscles, for ‘there are no sinews in the heart.’ As a string is twisted and made, sinews are formed by twisting their materials together. To twist and form your sinews, the Creator must have had shoulders of supernatural strength. *art, skill.* 11. When you began to breathe; hammer, chain, anvil: implements used by the Creator to make the tiger. 16. *its deadly terrors,* the terrible thing fashioned on the anvil, namely, the tiger. *its* refers to ‘anvil.’ *hammer,* instrument for striking. *furnace,* closed fireplace. How bold and strong must be the person who dared to seize the object fashioned on the anvil. 17. The angels are represented as watching the creation of the tiger. The sight was so grand that they were overcome by awe and humiliation, and threw down their spears and broke into tears. 19-20. Did the Creator smile when he had produced such a fearful object? How could the Being that created the quiet lamb, produce you with your terrible looks?

XXIII. INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

This poem was written by Robert Browning, one of the two greatest poets of England in the nineteenth century.

The story of the poem is told by one who witnessed the incident. At the commencement, Napoleon stands tense and expectant, brooding over the chances of war. Suddenly an orderly dashes up, and briefly tells the Emperor of success. New visions arise of imperial advancement in the mind of the emperor; but presently the young soldier falls down dead, from the mortal wound he had received in battle.

1. *Ratisbon,* on the banks of the Danube, in Germany. *stormed,* took by assault. *storming day,* the day we stormed. Lines 3 to 8 tell where Napoleon was and in what attitude. *out-thrust,* put forward. *You fancy how:* this is his usual attitude and you can easily fancy how. *locked behind,* folded behind his back (another usual attitude of Napoleon). *prone,* inclining forward. Napoleon had a tall commanding forehead. 8. *oppre-*

sive, 'dominating by means of the intellect that lies behind it. Stanza 2. *muscd*, pondered, thought over. *that soar*, ambitious. My ambitious plans to conquer Vienna and subdue all Europe. *may fall to earth*, may be dashed down. *let, if.* II. *Lannes*, a man of great courage, vigour, and capacity for command. He was the most trusted and beloved of all Napoleon's generals. He was killed in battle near Vienna, a month after Ratisbon was stormed. *waver*, hesitate losing courage. *yonder wall*, the wall of Ratisbon. 'If only Lannes fails here before Ratisbon, all my ambitious plans fall to the ground', thought Napoleon. 12. The dash at the end of the lines indicates that Napoleon's musing was interrupted by what follows. *bound on bound*, leap after leap. *nor bridle drew*, and did not ride slow. *mound*, the little mound on which Napoleon stood.

Third stanza: Then the boy flung off his horse in smiling joy and held etc., *By just etc.*, without any other aid. *all but*, almost. In line 20, the sentence stops abruptly after 'suspect.' *that*, understood before 'scarce.' The words within brackets in lines 21 and 22 are parenthetical. The poet did not finish the thought in lines 20, put in a parenthesis, and then in line 23 started with a new principal verb. *That*, is understood after 'saw' in line 22. '*That his breast etc.*', is obj. of 'suspect' and 'saw.'

Stanza 4. *got*, captured. *you, for you. marshal, Lannes. you'll be there*, they expect you to come there. 28. *anon*, presently. *flag-bird*, the eagle, ensign of the French Imperial armies. *vans*, wings. the French flag. 30. *I*, the young soldier. He was the first to carry the standard and fix it within the city. *to hearts' desire*, as your ambition could desire. note the simile in lines 34-36. *film*, nom. to 'sheathes'; as a tear covers the eye of the mother eagle with a film of moisture. *eaglet*, young eagle. *bruised*, wounded, injured. *touched to the quick*, 'wounded in its most tender part.'; because the young soldier would not have let his pain be noticed, if he had received only an ordinary wound. *his Chief beside*, by the side of his master. *fell dead*, fell down and ceased to breathe.

XXIV. THE KNIGHT'S LEAP

Written by Charles Kingsley. *Legend*, story told from generation to generation.

1. *men of mine*, my followers. *so*, as you have told me. *foemen*, enemy. *firz'd*, set fire to, shot at. 3. *Then*, that being so. *but this one*, except this one wine. *reach me*, hand to me. *me*, for me. 7. I am resolved that he takes this night such a leap as has never before been taken by a horse. 12. *Led*, who led; who lived more cheerfully than myself. *by the saddle*, on horseback, riding. *score*, twenty. *properest*, most suitable. *burgher*, citizen. *hawk*, bird of prey. *smoke*, set fire to the gate and try to drag me out. *nest*, stronghold. *take to his wings*, start flying. 23. *drained*, drank. *as*, rel. pr. obj. of 'dreamed.' 27. *And he leapt him*, understood. *leapt him*, caused him to leap. *into the night*, during the night. 30. With all his bones completely broken. *Heaven*, God. *Yet*, when he is dead.

XXV. O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

This poem was written by Walt Whitman, a famous American poet (1819-1892). The poet wrote it, when Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, was assassinated on April 14th 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an insane actor. Lincoln rendered very great service to the State, guiding the policy of the Northern States during the Great Civil War, 1861-1865.

The State is compared to a ship which sails safely into port, after having encountered many perils on the voyage. It is true that the captain falls dead in the end on the deck.

1. *fearful*, terrible. *done*, finished. 2. The ship has come safely through every storm. *rack*, storm. *is won*, has been gained. 3. *port*, destination. *bells*, bells on shore ringing to welcome the vessel. *exulting*, rejoicing. 4. While the eyes of the crowd follow. *keel*, bottom piece of the ship. It is now

'steady,' because the storms are over. Even as the ship has fought the storms at sea, the vessel of State has contended with the secession of the Southern States and conquered it 'by grim and daring courage.' 5. O heart-exclamation. *of red*, of red blood: 7, 8. Where my captain lies on the deck, having fallen cold and dead. 10. *flung*, unfurled. *for you*, to honour you. *trill*, sound producing a quavering sound. *the shores a-crowding*, people are crowding largely on the shore. *swaying*, swinging to and fro. note how in l. 10 etc., the poet 'carries out the idea of the ship returning from a perilous voyage, and being welcomed back by crowds of people on its safe return.' 14. Let me put this my arm beneath your head. *It is some dream*, I cannot realise. *feel my arm*, is not conscious of my arm which is placed under his head. 18. *no pulse nor will*, his pulse beats no longer. *pulse*, the pulse in his veins. *nor will*, he has no will, he can make no effort to rise. 19. The ship lies at anchor, safe and free from all perils. Its *voyage* has been quite completed. *object won*, this refers to the victory which the Northern States have achieved. *Exult*, rejoice. The country has won a grand victory. So, men, rejoice let your joy-bells peal! 22, 23. But I shall walk mournfully along the deck where my Captain, Abraham Lincoln, lies dead.

XXVI. THE NOBLE NATURE

This extract is taken from an ode written by Ben Jonson (? 1573-1637), one of the most learned men of his age and the author of many tragedies and comedies. On his tomb in Westminster Abbey is the inscription, 'O rare Ben Jonson.'

1. *It*, what makes man be better. *that*, understood before 'doth.' *doth make*, makes. *growing in bulk*, becoming taller and fatter. 3. 'nor (is it) standing long (that doth make) an oak (better be).' The oak tree is valued, not on account of its age, not on account of its living three hundred years. *fall at last*, die in the end. *fall*, drop down dead. *log*, piece of wood

bald, without leaves. *sere*, withered. 5. *of a day*, which lives only for a single day. *far fairer*, much more beautiful than the oak. 7. *it*, the lily. *fall*, droop. *that*, the same day that it was born. The lily is called the 'flower of Light,' on account of its whiteness. It is usually regarded as the type of purity. *lily white*, white as the lily. The flower is white, showy, and fragrant. 8. *It*, the plant that died. The poet spoke of the oak which has a long life and next of the lily which lives but a day and rightly said that the lily is fairer than the oak. The moral is contained in the two lines at the close. A man's worth is not to be judged by his bodily growth or by his long life, but by his usefulness during the short time he may live. 9. We find beauty, worth, and merit even in objects of small size. 10. It is possible for the life of a person to be perfect, even though he may live only for a short time.

XXVII. TO-DAY

This poem was written by the great thinker and historian, Thomas Carlyle. 1, 2. So another blue day has been dawning here. We have another day dawning for us. The day has a blue sky, when there are no clouds above. *blue*, bright, cloudless, when there is no hindrance of any kind to do work. *Think*, consider. *let*, allow. *slip*, infinitive; pass quickly. *eternity*, time without beginning or end. 9, 10. no man ever saw it previously, *aforetime*, (adv.) previously, in past times. Prose order: no eye ever beheld it aforetime. 11, 12. It passes away as quickly as it came, *hid*, hidden. *useless*, uselessly, without doing anything useful to fellow-man. The moral is: Do not allow a day to pass without having done something good or useful.

XXVIII. THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

Admetus was King of Thessaly. Apollo's son Aesculapius was killed with the thunders of Jupiter for raising the dead to life. Angry at this, Apollo killed the Cyclops who had made the thunderbolts. Jupiter became incensed at this and banished Apollo from heaven and deprived him of his dignity. The exiled deity came to Admetus, and hired himself to be one of his shepherds and remained in that position for nine years. Hence Apollo has often been called the God of shepherds. *of*, who served under (Admetus). 1. *Came upon the earth*, came down to earth from heaven. *some*, about. *nothing worth*, of no good. He was so weak that he could not plough or sow, or reap. 6. *drew*, produced. 7, 8. That rejoiced men greatly. *dew*, tears. *brimmed*, filled. *brim*, edge. 9. *one*, a person. 10. who had a pure taste for music, endowed so by God. *decreed*, proclaimed. *not too bad*, good, agreeable. As the King heard his music, he half went to sleep. 15. Prose order; The King smoothed his beard three times. *him*, the musician. *viceroy*, deputy. 19. *in other mouths*, when spoken by others. 20. Seemed in his mouth musical and low. *shiftless*, incapable. 22. They found no merit in him. *unwittingly*, without being aware of his being a God. *in truth*, truly. 24. They acted in obedience to his commands. 25. They did not know how he acquired his knowledge. *idly*, without occupation. *mused*, meditated, concentrated his thoughts. *loveliness*, beauty. *all their use*, all their good qualities and how best they could be used. 31. *springs*, fountains. *profuse*, plentiful, abundant. 33. *granted*, allowed, admitted. *that etc.*, that he spoke wisely. 34. But when they glanced at his graceful eyes which were like those of a woman. *good-for-naught*, good for nothing, worthless. useless. 37. Yet, notwithstanding that they spoke so poorly of him when they saw him. 38. And he was almost forgotten. *because of him*, on account of his having lived on earth. 42. Every place in which he lived and went about was regarded as a holy place and became, as days passed by, more and more holy.

43. *after-poets*, poets who came after him. *knew*, found out recognised. *first-born brother*, the first poet born on earth was a God, that he had come from heaven and was not a mortal.

XXIX, LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

This poem was written by John Keats (1795-1821). The story of the poem is this: A knight was wandering, alone and pale, along the banks of a dreary lake at the beginning of winter. The poet met him and inquired why he was so sad and forlorn, and the knight gave the following account: 'I met a very beautiful lady in the meadows. I gave her a garland. I loved her and she said that she too loved me. I then placed her on my horse and we rode and laughed and rejoiced. And she sang me a fairy's song. She got me sweet roots to eat and honey and manna to take. At last, we reached her grotto; and there she said again that she loved me truly and lulled me to sleep. Presently I had a dream and saw, while dreaming, pale kings, princes, and knights. They cried out to me: "Alas. You too have become the captive of the Lady without Pity." The dream passed off, and I awoke in fear and found myself on the side of a cold hill.'

The French title of the poem means 'The Fair Lady without Pity.' In the first three stanzas, the poet addresses a wandering knight. In the remaining stanzas, the knight answers the poet.

1. *ail*, pain. *knight*, a man of gentle birth and bred to arms. *palely loitering*, moving about the place with pale looks. *sedge*, a plant that grows in marshes or on the beds of lakes and streams. *withered*, dried up. 4. no singing birds are found in this dismal place. *haggard*, wild-looking. *woe-begone*, dismal-looking. *granary*, store-house of grain. The harvesting time is over. The place is barren. You have no shelter and there is nothing left for you to eat. Even the sparrow has her granary full; but you have nothing to eat. 9.

lily, paleness. *brow*, forehead. *moist* qualifies ‘brow.’ *dew*, perspiration. *moist with dew*, full of perspiration. *fading*, losing its colour and freshness. Your healthy look seems to be disappearing. *withering*, dying.

Lines 13-36. *mead*, meadows. piece of grass-land. *full*, very. *light*, nimble. *fragrant zone*, belt of sweet smelling flowers. 19. *as, as if*. *made sweet moan*, moaned, and this enchanted me. *steed*, war-horse. *pacing*, going with slow steps. 22. Because he was lost in her love. *reish*, taste. *manna dew*, kind of sweet tree-juice. *Elfin grot*, fairy cave. *Elfin*, a little elf, which is a supernatural being, generally of human form, but of diminutive size. *full sore*, very much. 33. She lulled me gently to sleep. *betide*, happen to, befall. *woe betide*, exclamation of grief. 40. holds you captive. *starved*, thin. *in the gloam*, in the twilight. *gloam*, invented by Keats to mean ‘gloaming,’ twilight. The Editor of the Oxford ‘Golden Treasury’ points out that Keats’s word was used by Rossetti sixty years later. 41, 42. A ghostly picture of ruined souls. 42. *gaped*, opened. The warning is contained in lines 39 and 40. The knight now saw how the princes and others had become wretched and what his own fate was going to be. 45-48. And this is why I am wandering about here, with pale looks and without a companion, though the country is dry, and desolate, and no birds choose to dwell here and sing. Note how the poem is rounded off with a repetition, with some variation, of the first stanza.

XXX. THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

This is the best known of all Shirley’s songs. The poet moralises on the fate of all earthly things. Death overtakes all alike, high and low, strong and weak ; makes all equal, and reduces them to nothing.

1. *glories, distinctions. blood, high birth. state, high social position.* 2. *are shadows, have no substance, are unreal.*

3. nothing can protect us from death. A soldier wearing armour is protected from his enemy. But there is no protection by which we can save ourselves from death. Death is represented as laying his icy hand on men and thus killing them.' 5.. *Sceptre and crown*, emblems of kingly power. *Scythe and spade*, symbols of the agricultural labourer. Death makes kings and peasants both equal ; and they are made equal in the grave. *Sceptre* is used for the king, and *scythe* is used for the peasant. The figure of speech is metonymy. Stanza 2. Great generals and conquerors can tame fellow-men, but not Death. *reap the field*, win distinctions in war. *laurel*, a kind of glossy-leaved shrub. Among the ancients a wreath of laurel was an emblem of victory. *plant etc.*, gain victories. 11. *nerves, sinews, muscles*. *yield*, give way. 12. They fight and hold one another in check. *but, only*. 13. Young or old, they must die. *stoop, bow*. *give up etc.*, die. *murmuring*, suggests that they are unwilling to die and complain that life is short. *pale captives* : the captives of death who have lost health and are bloodless in death. Weak and beaten, the captive of Death moves slowly to his grave. 17, 18. *garlands, laurels*. *wither, fade*. *on your brow*, tied round your head in token of victory. 18. The distinction you have gained is forgotten, even as the garland fades. 17, 18. These lines are I addressed to the man who won a victory and who is about to die. 19. *purple*, red with the blood of the victim offered upon it. Mr. Wheeler thinks that 'purple' here means 'royal,' and suggests that 'it is less likely that Shirley meant *blood-stained*, for that idea is sufficiently expressed in the next line.' 20. *victor-victim*, the man who conquered before and is now a sacrificial victim to Death. He who sacrificed the life of others before to Death has now to yield his own life as a sacrifice. 21. *your* refers to all men. Without any exception, all must die and be buried. 23, 24. Men in power, men who have gained glory, all perish ; but the actions of just and true men are not only not forgotten, but they leave a fragrant memory behind them. *smell sweet, are acceptable to God*. *and blossom*, and cause sweet flowers to

grow on their graves ; that is, ' put forth new life, by bearing fruit in the lives of others.'

XXXI. HUBERT AND ARTHUR

This is Scene I, Act IV of Shakespeare's *King John*. Richard I, Coeur-de-Lion, King of England, having died, two persons only could claim his throne: (1) his elder brother Geoffrey's son, *Arthur* (2) his younger brother, *John*. The English barons chose John.

Soon after his accession, by his orders, Arthur was secretly murdered.

Hubert de Burgh was one of the most powerful nobles of the time and Chamberlain to the king. Shakespeare regards Hubert as having been ordered by the king to put out the eyes of Arthur.

I. *irons*, iron rods. *hot*, factitive adj. *arras*, tapestry, screen hung loosely round a wall in a room. As they hung loosely against the wall, there was room for a person to conceal himself behind. *upon the bosom of the ground*, on the floor. *which*, whom. *needful*, carefully attentive. *hence*, go away. *warrant*, order in writing authorizing you to do it. *bear out*, support. *scruple*, feeling of doubt. *fear not you*, be not afraid. *look to it*, take care about it. *have to say*, have some words to tell you. 10. *great*, because Arthur was the son of Geoffrey, King John's elder brother. *title*, claim. 11. I am entitled to be more than a prince, namely, the King of England. *methinks*, it seems to me. *only for wantonness*, out of mere sportiveness. *out of*, removed from. *kept sheep*, kept like a sheep. *as the day is long*, all the day long. 19. *doubt*, fear, suspect. *practises*, plots. *more*, than keeping me in prison. 21. John is afraid of Arthur, because the boy has a better title to the throne ; and Arthur is afraid of John, because he is a cruel king and could easily kill him. *prate*, idle, innocent talk. *awake*, wake up. *dead*, subdued. *sudden*, quick. *despatch*, perform my work

speedily. 29. *In sooth*, truly. *warrant*, assure. 31. *do*, love. *aside*, words spoken by an actor which the other persons on the stage are supposed not to hear. *do take etc.*, get the upper hand over me. 33. *rheum*, tears. *dispiteous*, pitiless. *out of door*, into the open air. 34. Tempting me to neglecting my duty. *tender*, ^{*}*frail*. *fair writ*, legibly written. 37. *effect*, purpose. *Have you the heart*, could you bring yourself to. *handkercher*, handkerchief. *wrought it me*, worked it for me. *ask it you*, ask it from you. *watchful minutes*, minutes which watch the hour. *still and anon*, ever and anon, now and then. *heavy*, when you had pain. *what lack you*, what do you want. *where lies your grief*, why are you so sorrowful. *lain*, participle of *lie*. 52. *at your sick service*, at your service in sickness, attending on you when you were ill. *an if*, a reduplicated form of *if*. *If Heaven be pleased*, if it is God's will. 57. *nor never*, the double negative is not equal to an affirmative, it is a decidedly strong negative. *frown*, look with displeasure. *sworn*, pledged myself, taken an oath. 60. *iron age*, time of cruel tyranny. *heat*, heated. *drink*, absorb. *quench*, put out. 63. *his*, its. 70. I would have believed no tongue but Hubert's; no tongue but Hubert's would have made me believe it. 73. *bloody*, cruel. *what need you*, why should you. *boisterously rough*, roughly violent. *stone-still*, as motionless as a stone. *wince*, start and show pain. *angerly*, angrily. 84. *within*, within the arras. *let etc.*, leave me to deal with him without your help. 86. *from*, away from. I am exceedingly happy to be off this nasty duty. *Then*, if that is the attitude of the man. *chid*, scolded. *stern*, fierce. 88. *his compassion*, his pity for me, of which I am sure from the words he has just spoken. 87. awaken your pity for me. 91. *mote*, particle of dust. *annoyance*, anything to irritate. *precious sense*, the eye. 94. how even small things violently disturb there. *vile*, wicked, cruel. *intent*, intention to burn out my eyes. *go to*, exclamation of impatience. *brace*, pair, couple. *want pleading*, be insufficient to plead. *so*, provided that my eyes are uninjured. *to no use*, for no good. *by my troth*, truly. *is cold*, has lost its warmth.

would not, is not willing to. 105. *with*, on account of its grief for me. *revive*, bring life to it. *but*, only. *blush*, become red in the face, because it is to be used for such a bad purpose. *for*, even if I should obtain. *owes*, owns. *am forsworn*, I have taken an oath. *purpose*, intend. *like Huber*:, like my old loving friend, Hubert. *all this while*, during all this time. 114. *but you are dead*, that you are not dead. *dogged*, grim. *false report*, namely, that I have put you to death. *doubtless and secure*, free from fear and care. *of all the world*, that may be found from China to Peru. *offend*, injure.

XXXII. FLODDEN

The poem *Marmion*, from which this piece is extracted, was written by the great poet and novelist, Sir Walter Scott.

The English under the Earl of Surrey met the Scots, led by their king, James IV, at Flodden Hill in Northumberland, in 1513, and fought a battle. There the Scots were utterly defeated with a loss in killed of nearly 10,000 men, including the king himself.

1. *Scotland*, the Scottish king or army. *idly*, without preventing the English army from crossing the Till. 2. *Dark*, because, at the battle, more than 10,000 Scots and their king were slain. 3. *England*, the English army. *pass*, passage across the Till by Twisel bridge. *the while*, in the meantime. *James*, King James IV of Scotland. 6. *champion*, one who fights for another. *champion of the dames*, carpet-night, stay-at-home soldier, ladies' man. *land* in l. 8, Scotland. *strand*, bank. *Surrey*, obj. of 'sees' in l. 8. *lead*, inf. And sees Lord Surrey lead his host between him and his land. The English army has managed to station itself between Scotland and the Scottish army. *vails*, avails. James should have attacked with cannon the English as they were crossing the Till. He said he would defeat them fairly in the open field and was inactive. So he lost his opportunity and sacrificed his chances of gaining a

victory to a vain, chivalrous idea. 11. *Knight-errant*, knight who roams in quest of adventure. what 'vails, what is the good of. *brand*, sword. 12. *Douglas*, Lord Douglas who fought with Robert Bruce at Bannockburn and whom Bruce requested, when about to die, to carry his heart to the Holy land and bury it there. *wand*, staff. 12. What a different result would have been gained by the Scottish army, if it had been led by Lord Douglas! 13. *Randolph*, a nephew of Robert Bruce who did heroic deeds at Bannockburn. *speed*, quickness with which he marched. *wight*, brave; as a noun, it means a person. *Wallace*, William Wallace who fought against Edward I's general and inflicted a severe defeat on him at Stirling. *Bruce*, Robert Bruce who defeated Edward II at Bannockburn. *well-skilled*, of remarkable skill in fighting. *rule*, command. *St. Andrew*, the patron-saint of Scotland, as St. George is of England, and St. Patrick, of Ireland. 16. *St. Andrew etc.*, the Scottish battle-cry. If only instead of James IV, there had been any of these great men to command the forces, a different result would have been produced. 18. The leaf on which Scotland's crushing defeat at Flodden is recorded would not have been there. 19. Instead of utter defeat, the Scots would have had a glorious victory, like Baunockburn. 20. *precious hour*, hour of great value, when James stood idly on the hill and allowed the English to cross the Till and occupy a strong position. Three lines have been omitted in the Text, after line 23, a regrettable omission :

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
'Hark! hark! my lord an English drum!'

• *Fitz-Eustace*, one of Marmion's squires. *the bands*, the English regiments. *squadrons*, bodies of soldiers. *hill*, Flodden Edge. *Foot*, infantry. *horse*, cavalry. *cannon*, artillery. Distinguish between *canon* and *cannon*. *hap what hap*, let happen whatever may-happen. 27. I bet. *basinet*, a light helmet. Fitz-Eustace is so certain that he wagers his helmet against a mere trifle, i.e., the cap of an apprentice. 28. *That*, understood before 'Lord.'

yet more, I see more. 29-31. In good order, they march in single file and look so grand. *bravely*, so as to make a fine show. *waken from the dead*, rise from the grave to have a sight of the English flags flying gaily. 36. *bent*, slope. 37. *fired his tent*, Before the Scots left Flodden Hill, 'they set fire to their tents, so that the smoke might hide their movements from the English. *sable*, dark. *wreathed*, covered. 43. *war*, army. *Scotland's war*, Scottish army. *martial shout*, war-cry; *minstrel tone*, music of minstrels. 45. *nor*, neither. 46. *announced*, told the English army of the march of the Scottish army. 47. *Tread, trumpet, hum*, nom. to 'told.' 49. *that*, understood before 'from.' *mountain-throne*, strong position on the hill. 52. *they close*, they come to close quarters. *sword-sway*, piercing with swords and thrusting of lances. *portentous*, telling beforehand of the bloodshed that was to follow. *fiends*, devils; nom. to 'fought.' 56. produced all on a sudden, predicting the bloodshed that was going to happen. 59. *western blasts*, wind blowing from the west. *shroud*, covering, that is, the smoke; usually, the covering of a corpse. *pennon*, flag. *sea-mew*, sea-gull. *crest*, top of a helmet. 69. But they see nothing clearly. *wide*, over a large area. *raged*, was fought with great vigour. *Falchion*, sword. *amain*, fast. 72. The English soldiers shot their arrows so quickly that they fell on the Scots like rain. *falcon*, small bird of prey, trained to hawk for sport. *Tunstall*, Sir Brian Tunstall, a valiant Englishman, slain at Flodden. *stainless*, on account of his high character; or, his *white* armour. *Edmund Howard*, Sir Edmund Howard, who commanded on land as well as sea. 79. *them, themselves*. *lion*, the device on Sir Edmund's banner. *bravely*, gallantly. 81. many men of the clan of Gordons. The chief of this clan was the Earl of Lennox. *stubborn* who does not yield to the enemy. *Badenoch-man*, Highlander. *Badenoch*, in the county of Inverness. 85. *the while*, during the time. *Stanley*, Sir Edward Stanley. *broke*, overpowered. *Lennox and Argyle*, the Scottish division under the Earls of Lennox and Argyle. [The English left wing under Sir Stanley routed the Scottish right wing under Lennox and

Argyle. But the Scottish left wing routed the English right wing.] 87. *western mountaineer*, the Highlanders from the west of Scotland—Gordons and Campbells. *with bare bosom*, unprotected by armour. *targe*, shield. *plied*, used. 91. *It was vain*. The broadsword did havoc, it is true; but the Highlanders were routed by Sir Stanley. *fickle*, changeable. 91, 92. The fortune of war was on the right of the Scottish army. *Fortune*, personified. 94. The banner of Sir Howard was overthrown. *wavering*, inclining alternately in opposite directions. *yell*, cry. 98. *slogan*, the war-cry of the Highlander. 101. *Advanced*, marched forward. *forced*, pushed, turned. *high*, raised. *now low*, pulled down one moment. *now high*, raised the next moment. 105. *It*, pennon. 103, 4. As the bark's mast bends in the gale, when rigging, shrouds, and sail are rent. *bark*, ship, boat. 106. *they*, Clara and the monk. *darkening*, since night was falling. *desperate*, hopelessly bad. *strife of death*, contest in which large numbers were slain. *shafts*, arrows. *hailed in volleys*, were discharged in large numbers simultaneously. *hailed*, came thick as hail. *horse*, the English cavalry. *assaulted*, attacked. 110. In front, on the sides, and at the back. *squadron*, division of cavalry regiment. *sweep*, advance swiftly. *deep*, containing many rows. *king*, the Scottish King, James IV. 113. *thick*, numerous. *bill*, a kind of axe with a hooked blade. *bill-men*, English soldiers armed with bills. *ply etc.*, strike and cause terrible deaths. 116. The last stand. 118. The close formation of the Scottish spearmen is compared to a dense forest. *made good*, kept intact. 119. Each man, who stood behind, stepping into the place where his comrade had stood and was slain. 121. No soldier there had any thought of flying away from the field in a cowardly manner. *dastard*, cowardly. *serried phalanx*, compact body of men in close order. *serried phalanx*, crowded body of infantry in solid oblong formation. The groom and the squire fought as fearlessly as the noble and the knight. *groom*, servant. *host*, army. *thin*, considerably reduced. When the Scotch army was greatly thinned and their king had

received many wounds, night had fallen and it was getting very dark. 127. Note the alliteration in *s.* *Surrey*, the English General. *sage*, wise. 128. Withdrew from the battle-field. shattered, broken. *band*, company of armed men. drew, withdrew, retired. *his foemen*, the enemies of *Surrey*, the Scots. *low*, lying low, slain. *melted*, disappeared. *Tweed*, the river on the border between England and Scotland. 135. *swol'n.* by the melting snow. *ceaseless*, continual. *band*, of Scots. *broken*, defeated. *disorder'd*, thrown into disorder. *her*, *Tweed*. 140. To get back home. *down*, upland, high land. *dale*, valley. *red*, where much blood was spilt. *dismal*, dreary, cheerless, melancholy. *wail*, lament. 143. And cause all to weep. *Tradition*, unwritten history. *many an age*, a very long time. *prolong that wail*, continue that lament. *Sire*, father. *carnage*, bloodshed. *drear*, dreadful. Mark the alliteration in l. 149. *field*, battle-field. 150. *shivered*, broken to pieces. *fair*, which, was in a good condition. 150-151. where the Scottish army was completely routed.
